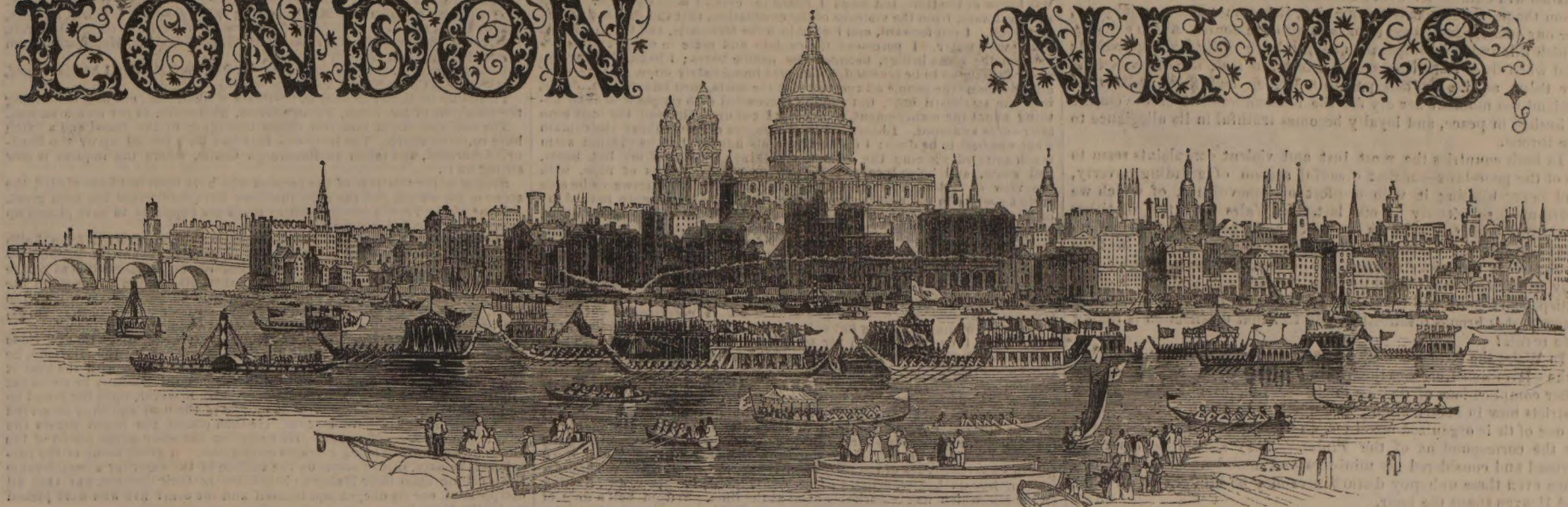


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 65.—Vol. III.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1843.

OFFICE, 198, STRAND.

[SIXPENCE.]

## THE RIOTS IN WALES.

The tumults which are now disturbing society, agitating the population, and destroying all social order in South Wales have at last assumed an aspect which may no longer be regarded without a profound anxiety, a watchful solicitude, and we fear we must add, also, a natural and justifiable inquiet and alarm, by every one professing to be at all regardful of the common peace of the community and the general tranquillity of the state. We do not mean weakly and flimsily to assume that the wild daring and half romantic turbulence of the Welsh districts—a turbulence which has now indeed become as wicked as mischievous, by darkening its hardy boldness with the crimson stain of blood—is *per se* a thing to thicken horrors upon the public imagination, or to make the hair of the nation “stand on end;” but we do take up these organized and insurrectionary movements as signs of the times which are multiplying much too rapidly, and which are much too readily made the resort of either disaffection and discontent, with that sort of dangerous defiance of the spirit of the constitution and the power of the law which every true lover of rational liberty in the British Empire must earnestly deprecate and deplore. That species of argument which is balanced upon a threat is always most dangerous when admitted or tolerated in the most remote degree—as dangerous to the conscious independence of good governments as it would be to the personal honour and character of true gentlemen; and yet this is the very style of “extorting justice” which the spirit of the times seems to have hit upon, and which is equally dishonest in its motive, and demoralizing in its effect. It depreciates the efficacy of the executive in the public respect, and tends to a *prestige* for tumult, and a defiance of every consideration of social equity and the prescriptive rights of peace. It is vain to say, however, that, with marks of distinction in their nature and tendency, crusades against the law and the constitution have not been suffered to grow ahead amongst us, and that, too, without half enough resistance on the part of those who

should have quelled the storm in its rising, have stemmed the torrent before it grew to strength. Who will say that these remarks do not apply to Ireland, whence the threat of repeal has been literally brandished in the face of the British Government, or in the very teeth of the Saxon, as O’Connell would more emphatically shout? There physical force has been arrayed with moral forbearance, and with a display of power systematic, organized, concentrated, but perilous in the extreme; there the literal wolf of rebellion has howled forth his hypocrisy in the sheep’s clothing of peace. And now that he has done this, it may be the best policy of the Government to conciliate him into impotence—by calm, untroubled reserve of authority to bind him with silken fetters within his jacket of fleece, and so give the wolf no pretext for escape into his natural atmosphere of ferocity. This we say may be, and perhaps is, the best policy now; but we much question the wisdom, nay, censure the indifference, of allowing an insurrectionary spirit, whether passive or active in its principles, so far as actual violence is concerned, to have grown into so formidable a presence—to have spoken with so bullying a voice.

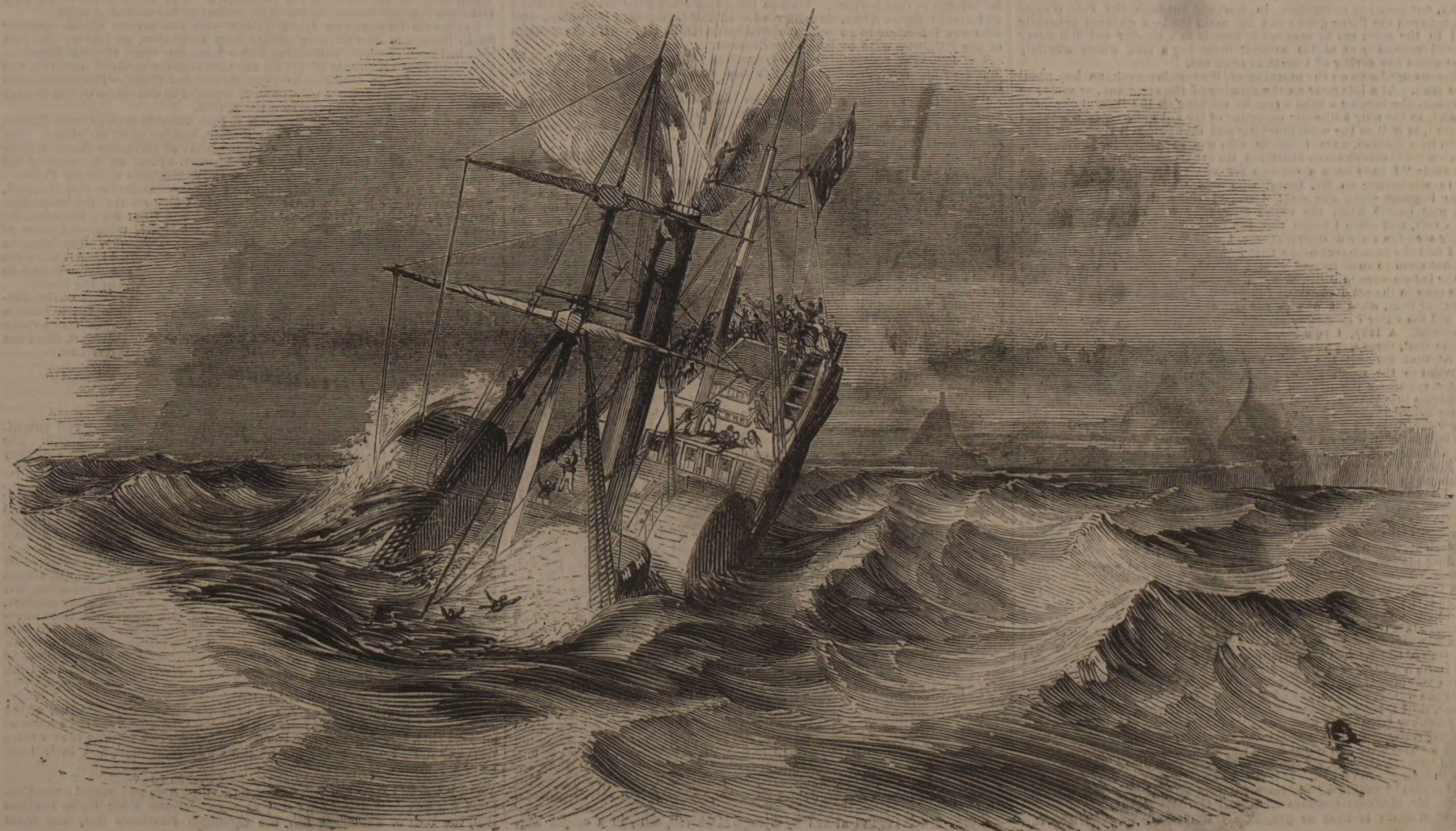
So, in a lesser degree, of the Welsh riots. They ought not to have been supinely permitted to have swelled to what they are—to have grown into a wild, bold, powerful, spreading disaffection. Rebecca, while her family were yet young and few, might have been despoiled of her hopeful progeny—might have been left “like Niobe all tears”—no children tied to her revolutionary apron-strings—not one son or daughter of turbulence at her side. Not so now. South Wales is shaken as by an earthquake—the amazonian who traded against turnpikes has become a leader of a thousand yeomen acting in defiance of constables, artillery, and troops. Under the magic of Rebecca’s name a regular and organized combination has sprung up, and in its boldness has conceived and matured a system of predatory warfare. Its conspirators are as numerous, as rapid, and as harassing as the far-famed guerillas of Spain. Suddenly and imperceptibly, at the start of rockets and fire-signals upon the hills, they gather into wild freebooting throngs—storm property, destroy turnpikes, and threaten all peace-

ful dwellers upon the soil who will not participate in their design. Do the military arrive—one flash of flame from the signal mountains, and they are dispersed without leaving trace or track. They are gone with reckless energy to their hiding-places—the lone cottage—the rock chasm—the dark coal-pit—the bush—the ditch—the brake—the barn—the sheltering hedge. The troops are nonplussed—the work of mischief has been completed, but the authorities are successfully defied.

Once within the last week, however, there has been a scene of conflict. Some drunken peasant, bribed to betray his comrades with a hundred pounds, disclosed one isolated rendezvous, but the Rebeccaites fought desperately, and in their affray with the constabulary blood was shed and human life sacrificed. Some of the consequences will be prosecution, transportation, and death! This is a dreadful state of things—the whole country is plunged into mad alarm—the participants in the wild movement are many—the non-participants few and insecure. Soldiers, exasperated with fruitless adventure, march the highways and track the fields in vain—justice trembles and is paralyzed—juries dare hardly keep their oaths upon the trials; and at last Government will be forced to the alternative of special commissions, and of sending down London magistrates to sift the ramifications of the frightful conspiracy that is alive.

Yet with all this, be it remembered, the mass of the Rebeccaites do not consist of the idle or depraved lower classes; they are not even confined to the aggrieved peasantry, who suffer under poor-law legislation in the agricultural districts; or the sullen, grumbling labourers who have been thrown loose and penniless upon the country from the coal and iron works and mines; but they have their ranks swelled and strengthened and rendered important by the accession of whole bodies of farmers, who frame a set of general grievances as the reasons of their revolt, and who seek only the alleviation or withdrawal of those grievances to lure them back to order and their allegiance to the laws.

Of course it would be ridiculous to countenance any palliation of the outrageous conduct of these disorderly creatures upon any





other ground than that of pitiable ignorance; and who the shedding of blood ensues not even upon that. No—we are all emphatically bound to deprecate and abhor their actions, to regret their disloyalty and bad violence, to lament that their festering turbulence has been allowed to grow to a head, and to join in hearty aspiration that they may now be speedily crushed—not without such retribution either as the law will temper with mercy, such punishment as justice will administer with humanity—as an example to the future from the past. But at the same time it becomes also a social duty, for our own example's sake, to look into the source of the evils by which this rude and impetuous people have really been oppressed; and when these riots are crushed utterly, to seek legislative redress for them, as the English people will seek legislative redress for Ireland the moment her cry for the dismemberment of the empire is hushed in peace, and loyalty becomes truthful in its allegiance to the throne.

In both countries the most just and violent complaints seem to be of the poor-laws—of that dreadful system of grinding poverty, and never blessing it with comfort or benevolence, of which we murmured so bitterly in our last. In Wales they fret of tithes too, from which Ireland is exempt; and the heavy tolls are no doubt an iniquity which ought in honesty to be removed. But the Poor-law is the monster grievance—there, here, everywhere; and why will Government blind itself to the incalculable benefits of its extirpation? Why will they cling to this one madness, when they know that it breeds disaffection, and feel that disaffection is raging into revolt?

In Wales the farmer and the labourer complain of the poor-law alike—it torments, crushes them both. No doubt, too, there are many other complications of distress in the farm population of the Welsh districts now in insurrection; and these have been well set forth at one of the organized meetings, and no doubt faithfully reported by the correspondent of the *Times*. They should be carefully perused and considered by ministers and members of Parliament, when even these unhappy disturbances may be brought to an end; and Heaven speed the hour.

Although the discussion of Welsh riots has induced the mention of Irish agitation in this article, yet it is meet the reader should by no means identify the two disturbances in character. The *Times* has properly pointed out the distinction between them. "In Wales," says our contemporary, "we have a very different case from that of Ireland. We have here no trusted and recognised leader, possessed of himself, and endeavouring to inflame others, with a blind hostility of race, a bitter and revengeful animosity against everything English: it is not against the British connection that the Welsh farmer lifts his hand. It is a local quarrel, in which he has some right on his side, though his way of seeking it is unendurable in any country professing to be governed by law; and were that right clearly acknowledged he would probably be led to accept, not unthankfully, the intervention of Government between himself and the hated turnpikemen and rate-collectors. We do not mean that the state is to intermit its efforts to put down, by such force and activity as it can command, the outrages which now disgrace the county of Carmarthen—far from it. Without a display of firmness and power, effectual conciliation is impossible. But let action and inquiry—prosecution of offenders and redress of grievances—go hand in hand. Let the Welsh peasantry learn how much they risk by persevering—how much they may gain by desisting from disturbance. But, above all, to repeat what we have before enforced, let the conduct both of the coercion and of the conciliation be assigned to some one who has a head on his shoulders, and we shall then become somewhat less anxious than we can now profess ourselves to be as to the issue of this dangerous and provoking conspiracy."

The last sentence implies a just rebuke. The chief magistrates and others should have been sent before to the disturbed districts—before, in fact, they were disturbed so fearfully—and then we might never have had to propound reproachfully to the Government the old story that prevention is better than cure, and that the way to crush rebellions is not to let them grow till they are worth crushing.

#### WRECK OF THE PEGASUS.

It was our painful duty last week, in an extra edition of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, to announce the melancholy catastrophe, the loss of the Pegasus steamer, plying between Leith and Hull, with upwards of forty human lives. We now proceed to lay before our readers the interesting, but distressing particulars of this calamitous event; and, before doing so, we may be allowed to advert briefly to the most prominent features of the locality in which it occurred. Every general reader (not to mention those whose daily experience makes them acquainted with the facts) is aware of the topographical peculiarities of Holy Island, the ancient Lindisfarne; of its forming a continuation of the main land of Northumberland at ebb of tide, and becoming insulated at flow. The rock on which the Pegasus is supposed to have been wrecked is called the Goldstone—a well-known object, situated about two and a half miles east, or seaward, from Holy Island. It is seldom or never left uncovered by the tide; it is well known to, and anxiously avoided by, our coasting navigators, in working through the Fair Way or Channel, between the Farne group and the main land—a channel generally preferred to the open sea by masters of vessels as a shorter cut, but never so preferred (especially at night) without incurring a risk which infinitely counterbalances any saving of time thus acquired.

The Pegasus left Leith on the morning of Wednesday week, on her usual voyage to Hull. At a late hour on the evening of the same day, or early the next morning, she became a total wreck, by striking on the rock above mentioned; and, as the only authentic narrative of the sad occurrence which has yet appeared, as well as the most touching and intelligible is that which has been given by a seaman, named Bailie, who was saved, under Providence, by his own almost superhuman exertions, we subjoin it entire:—

Bailie said: "I have been a seaman for about eighteen years, but was recently in attendance on Mr. Torry, who was on the passengers on board the Pegasus when she went down. I think it was about twenty minutes past twelve when the vessel struck. I was down in the cabin, lying on a sofa, and when I found that the vessel had struck I ran on deck, and I have seen the state of matters there. I went down to the cabin for Mr. Torry. I told the passengers below that I believed the ship had struck, but they did not seem to comprehend what I meant. Some of the passengers (chiefly the ladies) were in bed. When I reached the deck with Mr. Torry, I saw the crew in the act of lowering the boats. I put Mr. Torry in the starboard quarter boat, when it was in the act of being lowered, and when it had reached the water I sprang in myself. There were then about nine of us in the boat. A lady, I remember, was sitting in the bow. When we were in the boat, there was a cry from off the quarter-deck to 'stick to the ship.' At that moment the engines were set in motion, and the boat being hooked to the ship's stern, but unhocked from it at the bow, the back water raised by the paddle filled the boat and upset her, throwing the passengers into the sea. I got hold of the ship's rudder chain, and the chief-mate having thrown a rope to me, I got into the ship again. Seeing the danger increasing, I undressed myself to prepare for swimming for my life, and laid my clothes upon the companion. By this time the engine had stopped, and the ship was fast settling by the head. Looking around me, I saw the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie on the quarter-deck praying with several of the passengers on their knees around him. Mr. Mackenzie seemed calm and collected. All the passengers around him were praying too, but Mr. Mackenzie's voice was distinctly heard above them all. I heard the captain say that we must do the best we could for ourselves. I saw a lady with two children, close beside me on the companion, calmly resigning herself to the Almighty. The children seemed unconscious of the danger, for they were talking about some trifling matter. When I found the vessel fast filling, I leapt overboard, and the engineer and I were at first drawn into the sea by the suction occasioned by the vessel sinking. I soon got up again, however, and got hold of a plank and the steps which led to the quarter-deck. The steward attempted to get hold of me; but I extricated myself from her to save my own life. By this time the scene was a most dismal one. The surface of the water was covered with the dead and the dying. The screaming was fearful. One of the firemen also attempted to get hold of the plank which I had, but I swam away from him. I remained floating about till half-past six, when I was picked up by a boat from the Martello. I was then about a mile from the wreck, and the people in the Martello did not for some time observe me, till I attracted their attention by waving a stick. One little boy (probably the boy Scott) kept himself afloat for above three hours on a part of the skylight covering, and made great exertions to save himself, but he sunk at last. His body was warm when picked up. I was once wrecked before, about twenty years ago, off the coast of St. Domingo, when I was three days and three nights on a reef. It was the experience I learnt then which gave me the idea of taking off my clothes before leaping into the sea."

The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, whose calm and Christian resignation at the awful hour of death is thus so graphically described, was the Rev. Mr.

Morell Mackenzie, formerly pastor of the Independent church in Nile-street, Glasgow, and latterly tutor of the Theological Seminary in that city connected with the Congregational body. The eminent talents and attainments of Mr. Mackenzie were well known to many, and his death will be a severe loss not only to the ecclesiastical connection he belonged to, but to the religious and literary society of Glasgow.

Another seaman, named Hillyard, states as follows:—"I belong to Beverley. My father is a clergyman there. I have for several years followed the trade of a seaman, but I was going to Hull as a passenger by the Pegasus. I think it was about half-past twelve when the vessel struck; I was below at the time, but when I heard the crash I went on deck. I was at once aware, from the violence of the concussion, that the ship had struck on a rock. I ran forward, and looked in on the fore-castle, and found it fast filling with water. I perceived the captain and mate in earnest conversation on the cross-bridge, between the paddle boxes; I heard the captain order the engine to be reversed, which was immediately done. I then went aft, and found the people all rushing into the boats, men and women. I got into the starboard boat, but finding it crowded with people who knew nothing about the management of a boat, I got up again, and the boat soon afterwards swamped. I heard some passengers eagerly asking the captain what was best to be done; I did not hear his answer, but he did not seem much agitated. Seeing the boat fast sinking, I took off my hat, boots, and stock, and helped myself to two or three fathoms of rope, with the view of lashing myself to something; if I should afterwards be able to do so while in the water. Two rockets and a blue light were burned by order of the mate as a signal of distress. I think about half an hour elapsed from the time the vessel struck till she went down; it was certainly not more. I was standing on the after-part of the larboard paddle-box when she went down, and I sank with her. I was about half a minute under water. I felt myself caught by the legs by some one, but I got out of them. When I rose to the surface the top part of the funnel and the stern of the quarter-deck were just disappearing. The first thing I got hold of was the accommodation-ladder, which I got astride of. I perceived about eight feet of the foremast standing out of the water, and a carpenter clinging to it. I asked him if there was room for two, and he said there was. I then proceeded to lash the ladder with my rope to the mast-head, and we both of us stood upon this ladder, which was under water, until we were picked up by the Martello. When we left it there was only about two feet of the mast visible. If we had been much longer we could not have held on. Just before the vessel went down I saw a woman climbing up the main-rigging; but she must have gone down with the vessel, for I never saw her again."

It appears that between three and four o'clock on Thursday morning the fishermen of Holy Island, returning from the herring fishing, and when within a short distance of the rock mentioned, were surprised by the appearance of human bodies, articles of wearing apparel, furniture, &c., floating on the sea, which was remarkably calm at the time. Within half a mile of the Goldstone stood a steamer, but not the fated one. Singular to relate, this was the Martello, Captain Blackwood, belonging to the same company as the Pegasus, flying in the same track at the same intervals, and which, on her return voyage from Hull to Leith, had arrived at the scene of her compeer's destruction within but a very short interval after the awful catastrophe, but not early enough to avert its most appalling effects. The boats of course immediately commenced to pick up the bodies, along with such property as lay in their course, and in a short time the dead bodies of three females, one man, and one young boy were taken up. Markwell's boat was in time to rescue at least one sufferer from the brink of death; we give the facts from his own lips, and corroborated by his boat's crew. On approaching the spot, they saw a man apparently immersed up to the breast in the sea. They approached, and found him sitting erect in a sunken boat, in a state of frigid insensibility, with the film of death overspreading his eyes. He was taken up, and on some spirits being administered, he began to revive. The first words he uttered were in the form of a question, as to the state of the fires. He was an engine-man of the Pegasus, named Duncan Campbell. He, as well as five other survivors, and all the dead bodies, and most part of the property, were immediately taken on board the Martello, which, after it had fished up everything, living and dead, to be found floating around, set sail for Leith.

The following is a list of the bodies which were claimed on their arrival in Leith:—

Miss Barton, from Lincolnshire, who was returning to England from a visit to Miss Banks's boarding-school, 45, Moray-place. Two ladies, Miss Hopetoun and Miss Floors, pupils of Miss Banks, and were returning home for the holidays, under the charge of Miss Barton, and a little boy, a brother of one of the young ladies.

Mrs. Alexander, widow of R. Alexander, weaver, Paisley. James Martin, son of Mr. Martin, cabinet-maker and coffee house keeper, Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, London (also lost).

David Scott, a boy about twelve years of age, son of Mr. Matthew Scott, shawl manufacturer, Paisley.

The following is the list of the cabin passengers booked at Leith:—Mrs. Edrington, from Edinburgh; Miss Hopetoun, Miss Barton, Miss Floors, (the little boy was along with these three); Miss Briggs, Mrs. McLeod, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Torry, from Hull; Mr. Bailie, attending on Mr. Torry (saved); Mr. Elton, the actor, and who appeared last week at the Edinburgh Adelphi Theatre; Mr. Hodgson; Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, supposed from Glasgow; Mr. Banks; Mr. Elliot and son, thought from Dundee; Mr. Moxham, Mr. Milne.

In addition to these we have ascertained the names of Mr. James Hunter, son of Mr. Hunter, ironmonger, 15, Howe-street; D. Whimpster, late with Messrs. Ireland and son, linen-draper, South Bridge; Mr. Martin, of Great Russell-street, London, and son. The crew for the most part belonged to Leith, and several of them have left widows and children to deplore their loss. We may state that the Mr. Hodgson, mentioned in the list of the cabin passengers, is the brother of Mr. W. B. Hodgson, secretary of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, and who was himself appointed on Wednesday week to the assistant-secretaryship of the Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society, Leeds. He was a native of Edinburgh. Mr. Torry was an English gentleman of weak mind, who had been in Scotland for the benefit of his health. Bailie, one of the two passengers saved, was in attendance on him. The lamentable fate of Mr. Elton will be deeply felt by that profession of which he was so distinguished a member. His virtues in private life were generally known and acknowledged. He has left a large family to deplore his departure from among them; and we are delighted to find that Mr. Murray, the Edinburgh manager, suggest that the profession should mark their esteem for Mr. Elton by benefits for his orphan children. On Saturday, August 5th, the evening's products will be devoted to that purpose. We also learn that among the passengers was a girl named Susan Allan, daughter of a soldier in the 25th Regiment, and who was intending to go out to her father in India along with the soldiers of the 56th, who were on board the Pegasus.

The following communications respecting this melancholy wreck will be found of interest, painfully so, but any information from an authentic source is of twofold importance:—

"Berwick, July 22, 1843. 9 P.M.  
"Sir,—I have just now returned from Holy Island, and beg to enclose you some particulars as to the loss of the ill-fated steam-ship Pegasus. I have been off to the vessel, and find she is in ten fathoms water, six fathoms above her rail, and the mast is five feet above the water at low water."

"It does not appear that she has as yet broken up, as the mast is still standing, and very little wreck-wood has yet driven from her."

"It is supposed, when the vessel struck the Goldstone, that the passengers had rushed to the boats and upset them. What makes this wreck more lamentable is, that it was a fine night and clear, with a westerly wind, and the lights seen distinctly, and it is also said that the master was on the bridge at the time she struck. From inquiries that I have made, it appears that the master must have steered between the buoy and rock, and then, standing out again, struck the rock. It is also remarkable, and said to be so dangerous by the pilots, that several of our coasting steamers prefer, in coming through the Fair-way, to steer outside of the Mezz-tone, and thence come inside between the Big Farn and it. This is condemned, as it leads them in their course too near the Goldstone."

"From all that I can learn from the pilots, they state that the leading light through the Fair-way is too low, and does not open sufficiently; and that this leading light would be of much more service if it were built on the Mezz-tone Rock, as it would be more distinctly seen, and open better, as the Big Farn light and this leading Fairway light are too near each other."

"It has been suggested that there should be a red standing light placed on some point off Holy Island, but there is a difference of opinion as to the spot on which it should be placed."

"All the Fairway buoys are at present in their places, and it is singular that the crew of the Pegasus should not have seen them, the night being clear."

"I understand that an attempt is to be made to weigh the vessel, and preparations are now making for that purpose. The wind is now so easterly, perhaps some more of the bodies may come on shore."

(Signed by) "LLOYD'S AGENT."

"To William Dobson, Esq., Lloyd's."

The property picked up by the fishing-boats, and not taken on board the Martello, was deposited with Mr. Ralph Gray, and Mr. Donaldson, teacher, Holy Island. The marks borne by different items, we regret to say, will not suffice either to soothe distress or encourage hope, but rather the reverse. Nevertheless, we give such as we have seen to promiscuous order:—A package addressed "Mrs. Stewart, 43, Aldersgate, London (passenger). A seal in wax, "M. H. S. and G." A package marked "Mr. Matthew Stewart, 56, Love-street, Paisley." A letter signed "G. D. Cullen, of Lasswade," addressed to a brother, and relating to matters of general interest. A package of superb sabretaches, gold in velvet, inscribed "Peninsula, W. R. Waterloo," directed to "Raphael and Nathan, 55, Market-place, Hull." A package inscribed "Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, Portobello, passenger by Forsyth Coach." An account (re-cripted) to William Milne, Esq., from Alexander Hill, printer, 67, Princes-street, Edinburgh. A portmanteau, bearing the name "J. R. Elliott," and a letter to the captain of the Pegasus, engaging a place on board for himself and little boy. A number of packages of manufactured goods and handkerchiefs, &c. "Bazzer's Polyglott Bible, inscribed to the Rev. J. M. Mackenzie, as a memento of Portobello," by his obliged and grateful friend, James Cameron, October 28th, 1841." Several other books.

List of articles found at sea by George Markwell, sen., in a carpet bag,

opened in the presence of Ralph Greig, Leonard Watson, and others, viz., Histoire de Zillemont, Polyglott Bible, Lex Book of Ecclesiastical History, Mosheim de Rebus Christianis, Lexicon Bibliographicum, Tomus primus; Lardner's Works, vol. viii.; Fabrisii Bibliotheca Græca, pocket-book, and loose papers; Christian Bibelm France Balcks; sponge and bag, morning gown, shirt, hair brush, comb, shaving tin, tooth brush, tooth powder box, clothes brush, 1 pair carpet-shoes, silk handkerchief, pair cloth boots, razor case and materials, 1 pair leather shoes, 3 flannel shirts.

Found in a chest by the party above named—1 tin box, addressed, Messrs. Raphael and Nathan, Jewellers, 55, Market-place, Hull, containing 2 cartridge boxes, and belts; 2 sabbath tashes, marked Peninsular, Waterloo, W. R. 4th; 1 parcel, containing 2 lbs. 7 oz. sewing silk, 1 gross of binding, address, Josiah Brant and Co., Hull, from Wm. Rew, 39, Hanover-street, Edinburgh; 1 parcel of patterns, for A. L. Goldschmidt and Marcus, Hamburg, from M. H. Schwabe and Gobert, Glasgow.

Picked up by A. Wilson, 1 reticule, basket, and stores; 1 handkerchief, marked John Cook, No 10, and some wreck.

Picked up by Robert Stamp and William Walker, jun., one box, containing the wardrobe of Mr. Elton, Theatre Royal, Richmond, as per memorandum. The cabin skylight and two chests belonging to the vessel and a hatch have come on shore. The body of a lady has been picked up by the Beadnell fishermen, and taken to Bamburg Castle, where the inquest is now sitting on it.

Several of the relatives of the persons who have been lost have visited the scene of the wreck, and the grief that they have manifested has been great.

Some of the French herring fishery boats are supposed to have picked up some of the wreck floating about.

The following is the substance of a communication received from Leith by Mr. Lyall, manager of the General Shipping Company, at Berwick:—"Captain Sample will be able to inform you of the melancholy loss of the Pegasus steamer, lost last night at half-past twelve, having struck upon the Goldstone, and sunk with all on board, nearly 40 passengers, except the mate, engineer, carpenter, a seaman, and two passengers, who were saved. Six bodies were picked up—three females, two boys, and a fireman."

Mr. Browne, the mate, who still continues very weak, states that previous to getting into the boat in which he was discovered by the Martello, he floated about for three hours on a board. When he fell in with the boat it was nearly full of water, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could get into it without upsetting it. Steadying himself, however, upon the board he had got to, he planted one foot into the middle of the boat and thus preserved its balance till he got both legs in. He then placed the board across the boat and made himself a seat. He describes the scene at the period of the vessel going down as being a heart-rending one. A great many of the passengers, he says, floated about on the surface of the water for a considerable time, calling upon their Maker to help them in their distress, but they all disappeared, one by one, except himself and the other five who were picked up by the Martello.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—(From our own Correspondent.)—General Alava, formerly Spanish ambassador in London, died a few days since at Barèges, in the Pyrenees, aged 72 years; the General was with the Duke of Wellington during the whole of the Peninsular war, and was a great favourite of the Duke.

Admiral Mackau has been appointed Minister of Marine and Colonies, in the place of Admiral Roussin. Other changes in the ministry are spoken of.

Two diplomatic agents have been sent to Vienna on a marriage speculation, to persuade Metternich that the only way to settle the Spanish question is a marriage between the Duke d'Anjou and Queen Isabella—it won't do!

Yesterday our Parliament was prorogued. It is intended next session to bring in a bill for granting 24,000*l.* a year to the Duke de Nemours; Guizot hesitates, but Thiers has offered to bring forward the motion and to carry it. Prince de Joinville and his illustrious bride reached Brest on the 23rd.

In 1812 there were 45 journals and periodical papers published in Paris, in 1843 there are 498.

Six large steam-boats are being built in Paris on the Bastille Canal. There are 24,000 journeymen tailors at the present moment out of employ in Paris. There is a brisk run for fine velvets at Lyons. The celebrated Canadian Papineau is saying in Lyons. On the 16th of July there was a heavy fall of snow at Apt, in the Lower Alps; there has also been much snow near to the Pyrenees.

Thiers has completed the seventh volume of "The History of the Empire;" this interesting work will appear early next winter.

The "Peri" is being played with great success. I must postpone to my next, from press of more interesting matter, the plot and remarks on this ballet.

Another ballet will be soon brought out at the Opera called "Marie," and which will be got up by Maslier. Donizetti is in Paris. Rossini leaves us the beginning of November. Fanny Elssler and Lucie Grahn are engaged at Milan for the next carnival. Rubini is now in Italy, engaging a first-rate troop for an Italian opera at St. Petersburg. It is more than probable that Tamburini will be engaged. "Il Conte di Lavigna," the music by Mabellini, much spoken of as an opera of great merit, was brought out with great success at Pergola.

Prince and Princess Joinville will reach Paris on the 27th.

AMERICA.—The steamer Margaret, which arrived at Liverpool on Sunday night last, bringing the mails and passengers of the ill-fated Columbia, brings also Halifax papers to the 10th inst., the papers being so dated by anticipation, for the Margaret sailed on the 9th. These journals do not contain any news of importance, save that relating to the Columbia. The Margaret has not brought any New York papers save those contained in the bags of the Columbia, which have already been anticipated by the packet-ship Oxford. We find the following items in the *Halifax Morning Herald* of the 5th inst:—

"Her Majesty's ship *Illustrious* sails this morning for Quebec with the admiral, who goes up to visit the governor-general."

"Her Majesty's schooner *Fair Rosamond* sailed on Saturday morning, with the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, along the eastern shore."

President Tyler had reached Washington in safety, on his return from the Bunker-hill celebration. His health was perfectly restored.

After another of those very extraordinary passages which the steam ship *Great Western* is so celebrated in performing, we have, by her present arrival, New York papers to the 14th, being 13 days later than previously received. The *Great Western*, which arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday night, brought 102 passengers. The Royal mail steam-ship *Hibernia* reached Boston in 124 days, including her stay at Halifax.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.—By the arrival of the steamer *Sarah Barnes*, at New Orleans, papers from Galveston, as late as the 24th ult., had been received, containing a proclamation from General Houston, President of the Republic of Texas, and Commander-in-Chief, declaring the establishment of an armistice between Mexico and Texas.—The propositions from Santa Anna for the armistice were brought to Galveston by the British brig *Scylla*, which arrived there on the 9th ult.

RIO DE JANEIRO. May 24, 1843.—A British steamer arrived from Buenos Ayres and Monte Video on the 22nd instant, but brought no letters. The officers report that there was a great probability of Governor Rosas seizing the property of the English residents at Buenos Ayres, on account of the English Commodore having interfered with the blockade of Monte Video.

LOSS OF THE SCHOONER *DRUSILLA* BY FIRE.—The packet ship *Sheffield*, which arrived from New York, from Liverpool, spoke on the 7th instant, in latitude 37, longitude 71; whale ship *Henry*, of and from Stag Harbour, for Cape of Good Hope, and took from her Captain Jenks, mate, and crew of the schooner *Drusilla*, from Boston, bound to St. Domingo. The *Drusilla* had taken fire on the night of the 6th, in lat. 40, long. 70 40. All attempts to quench it proving ineffectual, and it increasing, the crew were obliged to take to the boat, in which situation they were picked up by the *Henry*.

AN EXPLOSION.—A great explosion took place in the tunnel of the Allegheny Portage Railroad on Friday night of last week, by a spark from a locomotive going into a whisky barrel. The cars were rent into a thousand pieces, and the huge masses of rock, which were disengaged, filled the tunnel to such an extent as to render it impassable for a day or two.

#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

##### HOUSE OF LORDS.—FRIDAY.

The Irish Presbyterian Marriage Bill was read a third time and passed, as was (after a slight discussion) the Slave-trade Suppression Bill. The Defamation and Libel Bill was ordered to be read a third time on Thursday next.—The Scientific Societies Bill went through committee.—Adjourned.

##### HOUSE OF COMMONS.—FRIDAY.

The report of the Designs Copyright Bill was received, and the third reading was fixed for Thursday next.—On the motion of Mr. Gladstone that the report of the Customs' Acts Committee be received some discussion arose, and Mr. Gladstone stated that he should object to the appointment of a select committee to consider the bill, as the time had gone by at which it could be properly moved for, and the report had already been fully investigated by several committees of that house.—Mr. HOME gave notice that he should next Tuesday move that the Attorney General be directed to prosecute Mr. Ward and Mr. Wilkinson, the agents of Lord Dunsany, and other electors, for acts of bribery committed by them at the late election in Durham.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (in reply to Mr. Mackintosh) said that it was the intention of the Government to advance £100,000 to Antigua, by way of loan, and that an Act of Parliament would be necessary to secure the repayment.—The house then went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill.

##### HOUSE OF LORDS.—MONDAY.

LORD BROUGHAM withdrew his motion for calling Mr. Browne, of the *Kenil Gazette*, to the bar of the house, having, he said, received a letter of apology from that gentleman.—The Scientific Societies Bill was read a third time and passed.—Some routine business was transacted, and their lordships adjourned.

##### HOUSE OF COMMONS.—MONDAY.

The Fines and Penalties Bill was read a third time and passed; the Customs Bill was read a second time; as were also the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, the Bills of Exchange Bill, the Episcopal Functions Bill, and some



others.—The house then went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill, and a discussion arose as to the length of time the bill should continue in force, it being contended by Mr. Ross, Mr. M. J. O'CONNELL, and other hon. members that it should only last for one year, the Government proposition being for five years; it was at length suggested by Lord ELIOT that the period should be three years. Two divisions took place, but eventually, after some remarks from Sir R. PEEL, it was agreed that it should be for two years, and to the end of the following session, which in effect will make the period three years.—The remaining clauses, together with the postponed clauses having been agreed to, the house resumed.—In reply to questions from Mr. S. O'BRIEN and Lord J. RUSSELL, Sir R. PEEL said he would take the Irish Poor law Bill after the report on the Arms (Ireland) Bill, on Thursday, and the Scotch Church Bill on Monday next.—On the bringing up the report of the committee on the excise duties which recommended a reduction of the additional 1s. per gallon duty, laid on Irish spirits when the income tax was levied on this country, Sir R. FRASER moved that the resolution should be recommitted on the ground that the reduction should be greater than the Government proposed to make it, or otherwise it would not have the effect of stopping illicit distillation.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER opposed the amendment on the ground that a greater reduction would neither be conducive to the welfare of Ireland, nor to the increase of the revenue. After some observations from Captain JONES in support of the amendment, Mr. F. BARRING said he was of opinion that the duty on spirits should be kept as high as it could be maintained without giving encouragement to smuggling, and keeping this principle in view he thought the reduction proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer quite sufficient.—After a few words from Sir R. FRASER in reply, the amendment was negatived without a division, and the report was agreed to.—Leave was then given to bring in a bill founded upon the resolution.—On the motion that the Admiralty Lands Bill be committed, Mr. BARNARD opposed the motion as arbitrary and unconstitutional. It gave a perpetual power to the Admiralty to appropriate lands by purchase, giving only five or six months' notice to the proprietors.—Mr. HUMPHREY took the same view of the bill, and moved that it be committed that day six months.—Mr. S. HERBERT said this bill gave much less power to the Admiralty than had been already given to the Ordnance and Excise.—Mr. WILLIAMS, Sir C. NAPIER, and Captain PECHILL opposed the bill.—Sir J. GRAHAM said that there was a security against any improper use of the power the bill would confer, for every bargain for land must be sanctioned by a vote of the House of Commons in committee of supply.—Mr. BLEWITT thought this no security, for the Government which took possession of land under the bill would always have a majority in the house to sanction it.—The house then divided, and the amendment of Mr. HUMPHREY was negatived by a majority of 59 to 28.—The bill then went through committee, after considerable opposition from Mr. BARNARD, Mr. HUMPHREY, and Mr. WILLIAMS.—The other orders of the day were then disposed of, and the house adjourned.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.—TUESDAY.

The Grand Jury Presentment (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.—The Earl of ABERDEEN laid some papers on the table relative to slavery.—The Marquis of LANSDOWNE moved for certain correspondence on the subject of the apprehension of offenders in France.—The Earl of ABERDEEN said he was not aware of the existence of any such correspondence.—The Earl of GLENGALL presented a petition respecting the Irish fisheries; a subject which Lord MONTAGUE deemed highly important, and deserving of serious consideration.—The Duke of WELLINGTON said he would take care that it should be attended to in the proper quarter.—Their lordships soon after adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.—TUESDAY.

The Stock in Trade Bill, the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, and the Militia Ballots Suspension Bill, severally went through committee.—Mr. GLADSTONE, in reply to a question from Mr. LABOUCHERE, said he should, if possible, bring on the Expiration of Machinery Bill on Thursday.—Mr. CHRISTOPHER asked Mr. Gladstone when it was his intention to give an opportunity of a discussion of the Customs Duties Bill, one clause of which had an important bearing on British agriculture. In reference to which clause he wished to ask if it was the intention that the agricultural produce of the state of Maine, in America, should be admitted into this country at a colonial duty?—Mr. GLADSTONE said that an opportunity for the discussion of the bill should be given. With respect to the second question he must be allowed to give only a limited answer. The intention of the clause was to give effect to the third article of the treaty of Washington. Any further explanation he would reserve to a future opportunity.—Sir G. CLEGG gave notice that in committee of supply, on Friday next, he would move additional supplies for Canada and China, and also a vote for compensation to those whose opium had been seized by the Chinese.—In reply to questions from Mr. EWART, the Earl of LINCOLN said that the committee on the subject of metropolitan improvement would not close its sittings till the end of the present session, nor would they lay any report relative to the embankment of the Thames on the table during the present session.—Mr. HUMPHREY then moved for leave to bring in a bill for the establishment of schools to promote a sound education for the rising generation of the United Kingdom, at the public expense, without wounding the feelings or injuring the rights of any sect or class of the community, but confining the business of the schoolmaster to the secular and moral training of the children, and leaving all religious instruction to religious teachers distinct from the school; to the end that general instruction and a spirit of Christian brotherhood and good will may be disseminated amongst all classes and denominations.—The hon. gentleman said his object was to confine the duties of the schoolmaster to moral instruction, leaving the religious and scriptural portion of it to the clergy of the sect to which the child might belong.—Mr. EWART seconded the motion, but while doing so the house was counted out.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.—WEDNESDAY.

The house did not sit.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.—WEDNESDAY.

Mr. GIBSON asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether the Government had considered the propriety of extending to persons advancing money on the security of malt or other excisable articles the privilege now enjoyed by bond *fide* purchasers.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that Government had not.—The second reading of the Export of Machinery Bill was fixed for Thursday week.—Mr. BANNERMAN wished to ask whether the professors who had joined the Free Church had been removed from their professorships.—Sir J. GRAHAM said that many had voluntarily surrendered their appointments, but the appointments in different universities were held under different tenures. In some the parties were not required to hold office, as in the Greek professorship in Glasgow, which was held by an Episcopalian.—The Coroners Bill was then re-committed, and some alteration having been agreed to, the house resumed, and the report was ordered to be received on Thursday.—Mr. F. MAULE moved for a return of the names of the different corps of yeomanry cavalry which have been or are to be established on permanent pay under the estimate of the present year.—Sir J. GRAHAM said he had not the slightest objection to the production of the papers moved for, but at the same time he must bear testimony to the good conduct and gallant and loyal behaviour of those corps when called upon, during the late disturbances which had taken place.—He read a letter from the Duke of Wellington eulogising their zeal, loyalty, discipline, and forbearance, and requesting that the Queen might be solicited to honour them with an expression of her approval.—The house then adjourned.

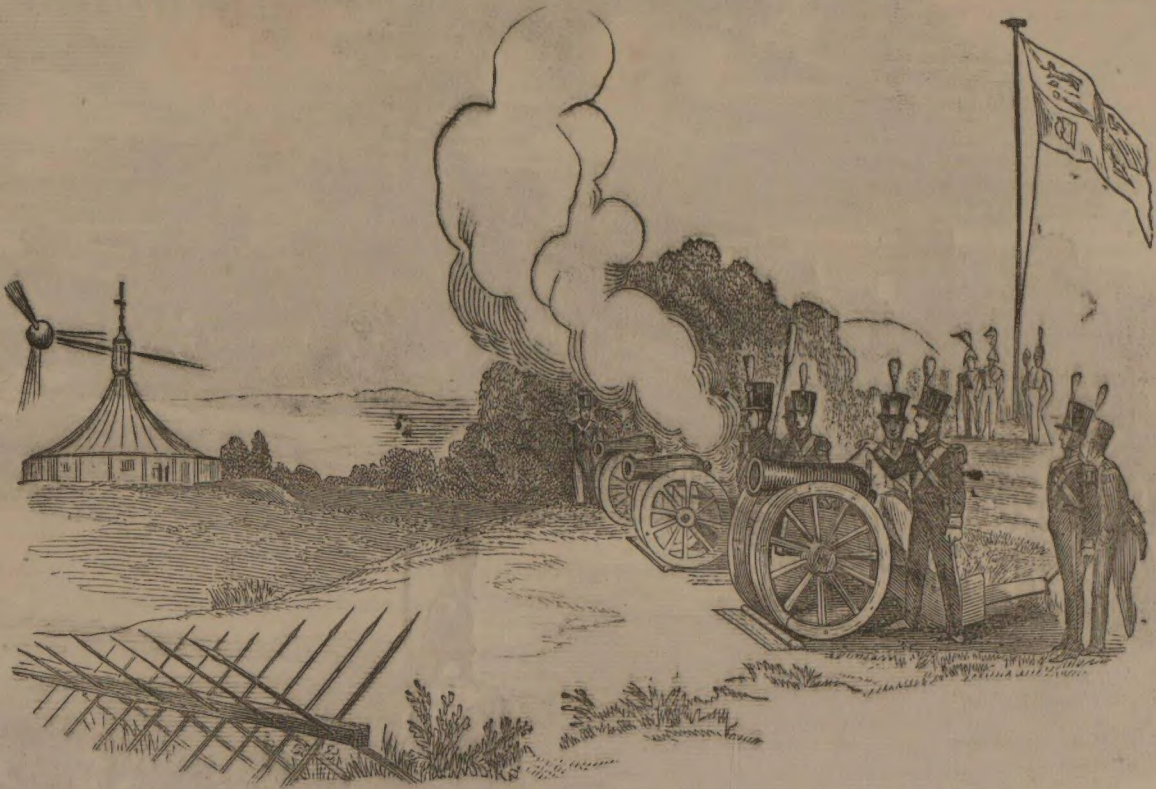
## HOUSE OF LORDS.—THURSDAY.

Their lordships met at five o'clock.—Mr. Greene and others from the Commons brought up the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, the Controverted Elections Bill, the Bills of Exchange Bill, the Municipal Corporations (2) Bill, and other bills.—The debate on the Libel and Defamation Bill was, after a short conversation, adjourned till Monday next, and their lordships adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.—THURSDAY.

The Marriages (Ireland) Bill was read a third time, and passed.—On the order of the day for bringing up the report of the Arms (Ireland) Bill being read, Mr. S. CRAWFORD moved an amendment to the effect that the unrestricted power of having, carrying, and using arms, for all legal purposes, was a right enjoyed by Englishmen and Scotchmen, and was one of the essential safeguards of freedom. That to limit or withhold this privilege, as regards Irishmen, created an unjust, impolitic, and insulting distinction, and was a violation of that equality of rights which can be the only safe and just basis of Imperial legislation. That, therefore, it was the duty of the house to reject any measure which would impose or continue such restriction.—Lord ELIOT opposed the amendment.—Strangers were then ordered to withdraw, and the house divided, when there appeared—For Mr. S. CRAWFORD's amendment, 44; against it, 99: majority against the amendment, 55.—Lord J. RUSSELL moved another amendment, to the effect that no forcible search should be made for arms, except in such districts as had been proclaimed by the Lord-Lieutenant in Council. The house again divided, when the numbers were—For Lord J. RUSSELL's motion, 65; against it, 109: majority, 44.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.—On Thursday last the nuptials of Lady Jane Grant, only daughter of the Earl of Seafield, and Captain Edward Walter Forester Walker, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, son of Major-General Walker, K.C.H., were celebrated at Culien House, county Banff, in the presence of a numerous family circle. There were great rejoicings on the Earl of Seafield's estates in Banffshire and Inverness-shire, and both at Castle Grant and Culien House the dependents of his lordship were liberally regaled. At St. Andrew's Hall, Banff, the inhabitants testified their respect for the noble family, by celebrating the interesting event by a public dinner, and on the surrounding hills large bonfires were lighted at dusk, being the Highland mode of rejoicing.—Amongst the many marriages in high life rumoured in the *beau monde*, two weddings are spoken of in more positive terms. We hear that the beautiful and accomplished Miss Antrobus is engaged to a son of Mr. Frankland Lewis, and that the wedding is to take place on Thursday.—One of the loveliest and most *piquante* of aristocratic belles, Lady B. C., the daughter of the Marquis of S., it is no less positively asserted, is shortly to be united to the heir of large estates in Scotland, Mr. B., son of Mr. J. B., and Lady E. B.,



THROWING SHELL FROM HOWITZER.

## ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

On Monday morning, immediately after guard mounting, the Royal Horse Artillery, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Cobbe, and the field batteries, under the command of Colonel Cleveland, assembled in heavy marching order on Woolwich Common, where they were minutely inspected by Lieut.-General Lord Bloomfield, G.C.B. and G.C.H., commandant of the garrison. On Tuesday the whole of the nine battalions of Foot Artillery, with the recruits attached to them, assembled on the parade-ground, under their respective commanding officers, when his lordship inspected them in line, and afterwards in battalions, and received the reports of the state of the battalions and conduct of the men, which was very satisfactory. On Wednesday a review of the Royal Horse Artillery took place, in the presence of Major-General Brotherton, C.B., commanding officer of the Leeds district, and a select party of ladies and gentlemen. On Lieut.-General Lord Bloomfield, attended by Brigade-Major Cuppage, arriving on the ground, he was received with the usual

salute by the three troops of Horse Artillery, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Cobbe; and the troops afterwards marched and trotted past, and then at full gallop, in excellent style, and went through the whole of their evolutions with admirable regularity, during which they fired about fifty rounds. The troops then marched past to their barracks, and the visitors proceeded to view the models and curiosities in the Rotunda, and on the repository grounds. At a quarter to one o'clock practice was carried on at the mortar and howitzer battery, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Frazer: of this scene we subjoin an engraving. The firing on this occasion was good, several of the shells falling at the base, or within a few feet of the flag-staff, at 850 yards distant. The company, on leaving the garrison, proceeded to the residence of Lord Bloomfield, in the Royal Arsenal, and partook of an elegant *déjeuner*. Shortly after two o'clock ricochet and rocket practice was carried on in the marshes, the former under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Kirby, and the latter under Lieut.-Colonel Cobbe.

## EPITOME OF NEWS.

Among the items in the Canada papers we notice one which requires to be made generally known, viz., that after the 5th of this month the importation of American reprints of English copyright publications would be strictly prohibited—as well those coming through the Post-office as by any other mode of conveyance.—In the French Chamber of Peers on Friday, the Orleans and Tours Railroad Bill was removed from the orders of the day, and consequently postponed to next year. The Greek Loan Bill was adopted.—The *Cork Examiner* states that, within ten days, wheat has risen in that city from 25s. to 32s. per barrel, and flour in the same ratio.—We regret to hear that the Duke of Rutland has for some days past been suffering rather severely from inflammation of the lungs. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to state that his Grace is considerably better, and there are no grounds for apprehending danger.—The gross revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall for the year ending December 31st, 1842, were £32,935 13s. 4½d., salaries and expenses £12,833 13s. 4½d., leaving £20,100 for the Prince of Wales.—It is now generally stated that the Houses of Parliament will not be prorogued until the last week in August.—Rumours having been circulated, that it is the intention of Mr. Alderman Copeland to retire from the representation of Stoke-upon-Trent at the next dissolution of Parliament, the hon. gentleman has given the most decided contradiction to such reports, by declaring them wholly destitute of foundation.—The authorities of Eton College have added a week to the length of the vacation at the solicitation of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge on account of the Princess Augusta's marriage. The vacation commences on Monday and will be prolonged to the 11th of September.—A piece of plate, value £200, was last week presented by the inhabitants of Stratford-le-Bow, Essex, to Mr. J. Tucker, for his exertions in opposing the tram-road, from the Thames to the Eastern Counties Railway.—The official report of the commissioners appointed to investigate the recent fraudulent transactions in the port of London has just been published. We regret that we cannot find room for even an abstract of this document. It proves clearly that fraud to an undefined and unknown extent has been habitually and systematically carried on in the port of London, of which revenue-officers of a high class have been the chief instruments.—Mr. Gilbert Henderson has been appointed Recorder of Liverpool, in place of Mr. James Clarke, who had resigned.—So great was the opposition among the venders of vegetables in Sheerness last week, that green peas were actually offered for sale at three farthings per peck.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer a royal charter of incorporation on the School of Medicine and Surgery at Birmingham, with the privileges, immunities, rank, and title of the "Queen's College, Birmingham."—The special train on the evening of Thursday week, from Southampton to London, engaged for the conveyance of the Duke of Saxe Coburg and his illustrious relatives, performed the journey, seventy-seven miles, in one hour and 39 minutes.—The weather throughout France during last week was on the whole cold and stormy. On Saturday evening and on Sunday much rain fell in Paris. The crops throughout the country were most promising, but required sunshine and heat to bring them to maturity.—The Count de Torreno, grandee of Spain of the first class, formerly minister of Queen Christina, has arrived at Brussels from Germany.—Mr. Hall, chief magistrate of Bow-street, left town a few days since by the direction of Government, for Wales, for the purpose of instituting a rigid and searching inquiry and examination into all the circumstances connected with the "Rebecca riots" and disturbance in that part of the kingdom.—Madame Caroline de Pichler (*née Greiner*) one of the most popular novel writers of the age, and withal one of the most amiable and charitable ladies, died at Vienna last week at the advanced age of seventy-four. Several of her works, we believe, for instance "Urgalya," have successfully been introduced into our literature.—General Alava, who was formerly ambassador of the Queen of Spain in Paris and London, has just died at the Baréges Waters.—The report is spread in the German states that Queen Victoria of England intends paying a visit to her relations in Germany.—The dean and chapter of Wells Cathedral have made arrangements for the thorough repair of this beautiful structure, at an expense of £70,000.—The Palais Royal, so famous some years back, is now every day losing favour with the public, and the numerous passages in the neighbourhood threaten it with complete decay. Eighteen or twenty arcades are now to let. Twenty-two others are occupied by the venders of ready-made clothes, and some of the principal cafés and restaurants, the good-

will of which used to be worth 360,000 f., have been closed, because they did not clear their expenses.—A duel with daggers took place last week at Châlons-sur-Marne, between two Spanish refugees, which terminated in the death of one of them, a young man named Oyarzaval. This person was employed at a confectioner's, and was looked on as a quiet inoffensive man.—The inhabitants of Deal intended to get up a grand regatta in honour of her Majesty's contemplated visit to Walmer Castle, at the close of the ensuing month, similar to that which the Queen witnessed on her former visit to the castle, last year.—The disbursements upon the Society of Friends this year, chiefly for ecclesiastical purposes, are about £10,000.—Admiral Duff has announced to the committee of the Protestant Association, a donation to that body of one thousand guineas. He had originally left the same sum to the association in his will, but he now thinks it may be advisable to place it at once at the disposal of the committee for maintaining and promoting the great ends of the institution.—At the opening of the Bedford assizes the high sheriff was unable to attend in consequence of a domestic calamity, and the under-sheriff, E. C. Williamson, Esq., was also unable to attend, having lately experienced a severe accident.—During his recent visit to Liverpool, the Rev. Theobald Mathew administered the pledge to upwards of 30,000 persons.—The Rev. Geo. Crabbe, vicar of Bredfield, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, son of the celebrated poet, having become a convert to corn-law repeal, has transmitted a subscription of £1 to the National Anti-Corn-law League.—Mr. Barlow, who sowed the first fields of wheat ever cultivated west of Utica, is still living. This important event occurred fifty-seven years ago, and Mr. Barlow is now in the full enjoyment of health at 91.—There has been a mutiny on board the American whale ship Sharon, in the Pacific, and two men killed.—On the 10th instant, at Colombia, Missouri, two slaves, man and wife, were hung for the murder of their master.—There were about twenty men killed in suppressing the recent riots on the Beauharnois Canal, in Canada, and fears are entertained that there will yet be other strikes for wages and outbreaks.—A parliamentary return just published shows that the sums paid, or to be paid, on account of the war with China, amount to £2,879,873, of which sum £804,964 are required to be voted in 1843-44, as balance due to the East India Company.—We regret to hear that Mr. Baron Alderson, who is at present on the Norfolk circuit, has had a return of the illness which a short time since almost threatened his life. It is feared that the learned and esteemed judge will not be able to resume his judicial functions during the present assizes.—A letter from Rome, in the *Cologne Gazette*, says:—"From the discourse of the Polish priests who have arrived here, there is little doubt that the Czar persists in his intention of substituting the Greek Church for the Catholic in Poland. We also hear repeated complaints of the oppressions to which the Catholics in Poland are subjected.—The Earl of Cawdor, Lord Dynevor, and the Hon. Colonel George Rice Trevor, M.P., and most of the gentry of South Wales, have, in consequence of the Rebeccaite disturbances, determined to build barracks at Carmarthen, for the military, by public subscription, to add to the security of that district.—The mortal remains of the Lady Mary Louisa Lennox were interred, on Friday last, in the ancestral mausoleum of the Richmond family, in the Ladye Chapel at Chichester Cathedral. The funeral was quite private.—The Prize Essay, of twenty guineas, of the Linendrapers' Society, upon the "Evils of the Late Hour System of Trade," has been awarded to Mr. J. W. Davis, a student in Highbury College.—The Protestant Association, at a meeting held on Tuesday, adopted a memorial, which has been signed by the President, Vice Presidents, and other persons connected with the society, addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of the united Church of England and Ireland, directing their attention to the fearfully rapid spread of Tractarianism, and praying their lordships to exert their influence in opposing its extension.—A return, published on Thursday morning, states that £1,231,211 13s. 5d. will be required to make good to certain holders of opium surrendered in China, in March 1839, the amount of compensation due to them under Art 4 of the treaty of peace. The above amount, however, includes a sum of £29,289 11s. 9d., as a claim by the Parsee firms of Heerjeebhoy Rustumjee and A. and D. Fordonjee, the settlement of which depends on further explanation.—Up to Saturday evening last, 18,000 persons took the pledge from Father Mathew in Manchester. On Sunday it was administered to 30,000, and on Monday and Tuesday to 32,000, making in all a total of 80,000 pledged teetotallers in Manchester. Of these there are 4500 infants, 3000 of whom belong to the St. Patrick's district, a part of Manchester principally inhabited by the Irish.





THE REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.—THE CHARGE.

#### REVIEW OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN HYDE PARK.

Annexed are three illustrations of the review of this fine regiment in Hyde Park, on the 20th inst., which was briefly noticed in our last week's paper.

At a few minutes after nine o'clock three battalions of Grenadier Guards, numbering nearly 2000 men, entered the park under the command of Colonel Grant, and took up their stations near the Magazine Barracks. The ground was kept by a company of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), under the command of the Hon. Captain Pitt. Two companies of foot—the one the Coldstream, and the other the Fusilier Guards—assisted in this duty.

Precisely at 11 o'clock, Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Colonel of the regiment, entered the park, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Prince George. The Duke of Wellington was attended by the Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of March, the Marquis of Douro, and Colonel George Anson, Aides-de-Camp to his Grace, and among the officers present were Sir Hercules Pakenham, Sir Willoughby Gordon, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Colonel Cochrane, Lord Paulet, Lord Combermere, Lord Charles Wellesley, General Higgins (Inspector-General of the Cavalry), Sir John Macdonald, Colonel Henry Bentinck, Colonel Clive, &c. The Duke of Wellington's carriage, in which was the Marchioness of Douro, was drawn up near the square in a spot set apart for those who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets, and there were assembled a very numerous attendance of fashionably-dressed ladies.

The Duke of Wellington, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge and the other general officers, first rode up and down the lines, and having retired to the centre of the square the manoeuvres commenced. The troops first broke up into column, and marched past in slow time before the assembled officers. This completed, the same movement was gone through in quick time, after which the troops re-formed in squares. Two companies of the first battalion were next selected to take up their position as skirmishers on the southern side of the square, and the firing immediately commenced. The second and third battalions marched up in line and fired by file. This was kept up for some minutes, and was succeeded by the remaining eight companies of the 1st battalion marching up in support and firing a volley. The three battalions then retreated, and forming into squares kept up a rapid fire by the right of faces. The signal was then given (by sound of trumpet), "Prepare to receive cavalry, front rank kneeling." The front rank presented an array of bristling bayonets, at an angle calculated to meet the chests of horses charging on them, the rear ranks firing in quick rotation over the heads of their comrades in front. This was the last evolution performed. All the manoeuvres were gone through with great precision and effect, if we may except the marching past in companies, when it was found necessary to pass the angles formed by the throng of spectators, every company, with one excep-



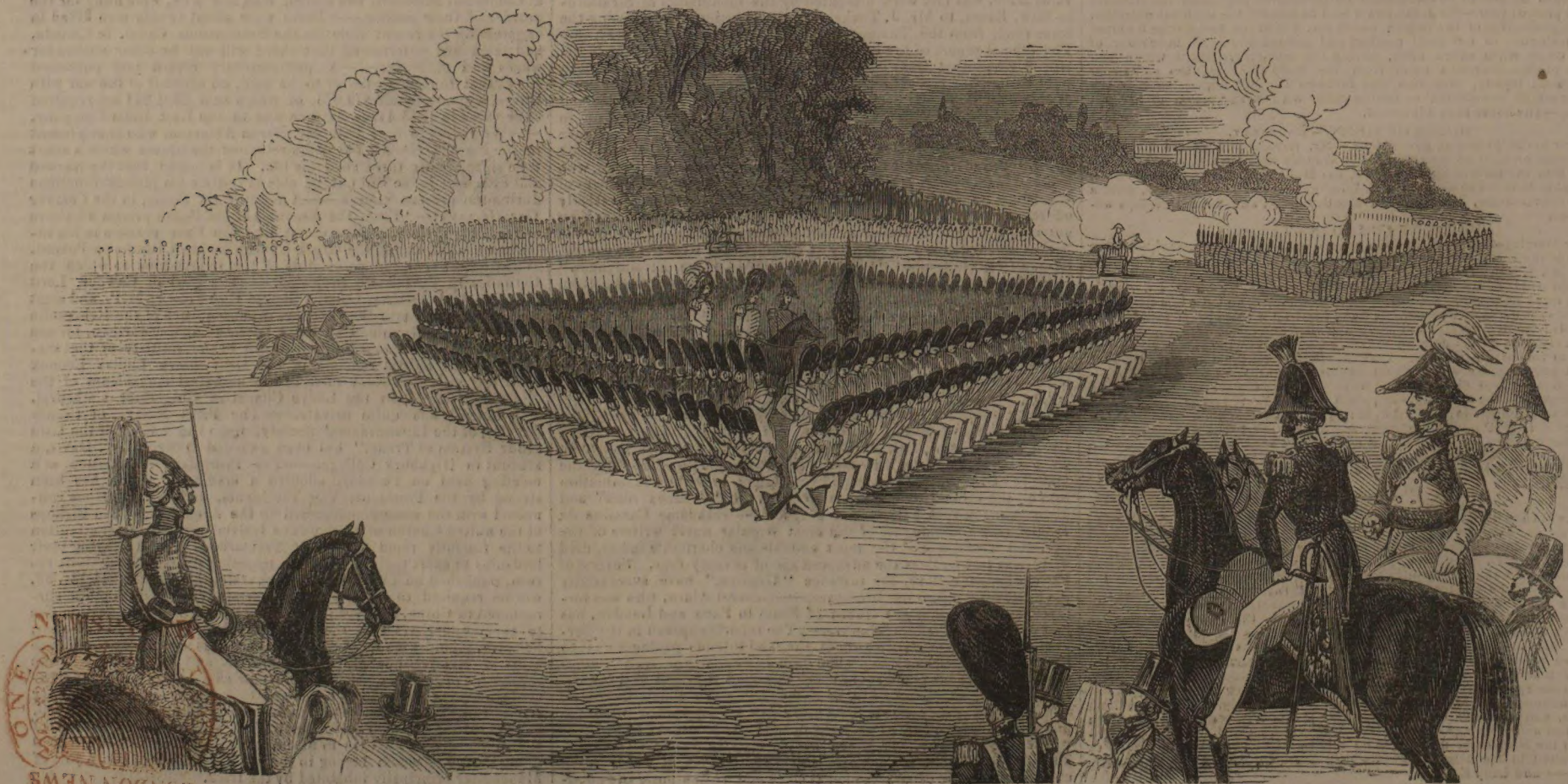
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tion, failed to bring the right shoulder forward with that degree of exactness the military eye expects from a well-drilled regiment. A finer body of troops could not be collected; but we have seen regiments of the line go through the most difficult evolutions with greater regularity.

From the beginning of the reign of George III. to the present moment, it appears that upwards of two hundred leading duels have taken place, including, of course, four hundred principals and as many seconds. In three of these both combatants were killed; in the others, about eighty were killed, about one hundred and twenty were wounded, one half of which number desperately, and the other half slightly; and the remaining numbers escaped unhurt. It is estimated that in duels one-fifth part is killed, and one-half, more or less, severely wounded. Rather more than twenty trials, in all, have occurred, in which some were found guilty of manslaughter, and four of murder. Two were justly hanged, and the others too mercifully imprisoned. In the catalogue of duellists, or disciples of the succession of Cain the fratricide, duellist, and blacksmith, are found the names of York, Norfolk, Richmond, Shelburne, Macartney, Townsend, Exmouth, Talbot, Lauderdale, Lonsdale, Malden, Camelford, Paget, Castlereagh, Belgrave, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Tierney, Burdett, Wellington, Londonderry, &c.; and after these a prodigious number of play-actors, lawyers' clerks, shop-apprentices, butlers, and a few dustmen.

At half-past nine o'clock on Saturday morning, the 22nd instant, a splendid whale, of the species *Balaena physalus*, was killed at the North Queen's ferry, by Mr. Mason, the superintendent of the passage, and his men. The chase and battle lasted about forty minutes, and no language can describe the animation and excitement of the conflict, or worthily record the deeds of daring performed by the gallant assailants, who, when landed with their huge victim, could scarcely be recognised, being stained with gore and mud, drenched with sea water, and breathless and exhausted with the glorious strife. The *Caledonian Mercury* says:—"We can assure the lovers of sport that horse racing, steeple chasing, and driving even the Defiance coach—nay, the Spanish bull fight itself—are all as nothing when compared with the milling of one of the gigantic guardmen of Neptune's throne. Van Amburgh himself would have preferred the job to the taming of lions, and the teaching of tigers to be amiable and polite." The whale was 51 feet in length. Take a lord, now, and visit him to his country seat, and I'll tell you what you will find—a sort of Washington State-house place. It is either a rail o.d. castle of the genuine kind, or a gingerbread crinkum-crankum imitation of a thing that only existed in fancy, but never was seen afore—a thing that's made modern for use, and in ancient style for show; or else it is a great, cold, formal slice of a London terrace, stuck on a hill in a wood. Well, there is a lawn, park, artificial pond called a lake, deer that's fashionabilized and civilized, and as little natur in 'em as the humans have. K'nels and hounds for persicutin' foxes; preserves (not what we call preserves, quinces and apple-sauce, and greengages done in sugar, but preserves for breeding tame partridges and peasants to shoot at), h'aviaries, hive-eries, h'yew-veris, hothouses, and so on; for they put an "h" before every word do these critters, and then tell us Yankees we don't speak English.—*Sam Slick in England.*

At Udina, in Friule, a poor man suffering under the agonising tortures of hydrophobia, was cured with draughts of vinegar given him by mistake, instead of another potion. A physician at Padua got intelligence of this event, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the hospital, administering a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, and the man was speedily and perfectly cured.



IN HYDE PARK.—FORMING SQUARES.



## GOODWOOD RACES.



PRIZE CUP.



THE GOODWOOD CUP.



PRIZE CUP.

The forty-first anniversary of the noblest and most national of all the popular festivals celebrated in England commenced on Tuesday last, in the princely domain of Goodwood Park. The peculiarity of Goodwood is, that while our principal race-courses have each their characteristics, as Newmarket its business—Epsom its revelry—Ascot its pageantry, and Doncaster its “squirearchy,” here all are combined. In sport—such as must content the most *ultra* professional of those who adopt the turf for profit rather than pleasure—it may fairly compete with all four; while, for good fun, good company, and good fellowship, it can be backed at odds against either.



PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

All the difficulties that heretofore existed in reaching this delightful locality have been removed, and the vicissitudes of road travelling, so frequently experienced by persons of the highest rank, altogether obviated; this has been effected mainly under the active superintendence of Lord G. Bentinck, the ever-vigilant and pre-eminently successful reformer of the abuses of the turf; and it is but justice to say, that to the comprehensive improvements suggested and carried out by his lordship the interests of the racing community are indebted more than to any man in existence, whether in respect of the character of the racing, or in the extinction of those irregularities that for a series of years have called forth universal reprobation,

and which, had not his lordship boldly undertaken to “cleanse the Augean stable,” might still have existed, if not increased to an indefinite and, we need hardly say, ruinous extent. The locality of Goodwood, within a moderate distance of two such railways as the South Western and Shoreham, offered facilities of transit, which it is only surprising had not previously been adopted, and which this year, for the first time, have been brought into active requisition. The distance from Fareham to the race-course, on the one side, is but twenty-two miles; and from Shoreham, on the other, only a short distance more; and it is but just to state that the directors of the Southampton Railway liberally stepped forward to meet the public convenience by starting special trains at such hours as were well calculated to secure timely access to the scene of action, and, by encouragement offered to coach proprietors (undertaking to convey their horses and carriages to and from Fareham gratuitously) to carry out their plans more effectually. Postmasters and the owners of provincial conveyances quickly foresaw the value of these arrangements; and thus a regular line of communication was established, productive of the best consequences to all parties, and which, in future years, will no doubt be more systematically matured. On Sunday a great number of public carriages and horses were safely transferred to Fareham, and on Monday morning the bustle commenced in earnest; trains of immense extent were quickly filled; that at eleven o'clock, consisting of 36 first-class carriages, with a large proportion of private drags and horses, was so unusually heavy that, although three engines were employed, it was nearly an hour and a half behind time at Fareham, but from the facilities there prepared no time was lost in getting on. The one o'clock train was equally

full, and here again no difficulty was felt in obtaining vehicles to proceed to Chichester, at which the arrivals were never more numerous. Bognor was completely thronged, and all the hamlets and villages in the neighbourhood overflowed, while the active exertions of the postmasters in all directions were scarcely sufficient to meet calls on them, and this notwithstanding the state ball at Buckingham Palace, which necessarily kept a large portion of the *élite* of fashion in London, among whom were included several of the expected visitors at Goodwood. The ministerial summonses for parliamentary attendance also had their influence in detaining many in town till Tuesday morning, when the departures, per the first train, at a quarter before seven, gave a fresh impulse to all classes, and the rush for Fareham was immense, while every other highway and byway proved the excitement that prevailed.

To describe the state of animation in all directions would be a difficult task, but we may say with truth that the magnificence of the scene on entering the park surpassed all former experience. Since our last visit, the practised eye of Lord George Bentinck enabled his lordship to point out and effect many essential improvements, among which the widening of the course full twelve feet, and the removal of some clumps of trees at the upper end of the course, were advantageously conspicuous. In the grand stand, and in all the other appliances for public convenience, no exertions were spared to secure perfect order, and in these plans it was gratifying to remark that the accommodation and pleasures of the humble classes were assiduously consulted.

We may here remark, that in the course of the morning the solicitor of the Duke of Richmond, under directions from “head-quar-



GOODWOOD RACES.



ters," no doubt, served personal notice on a person, presumed to have some indirect connexion with Gorbamby, not to trespass on any part of the property of his grace, on pain of prosecution; and this seemed to have been induced from this person having been incessantly with the horse, and displaying an anxiety scarcely distinguishable from the not very unnatural jealousy arising from the position of an owner. With reference to future years, the most stringent regulations have been adopted to secure the meetings in this park from the encroachments of those who have heretofore by their conduct tended to throw discredit on a sport which, if not sustained by principle, must cease to be national. Every race, of which there were no less than nine, gave ample scope for speculation, and the general satisfaction expressed was the best evidence of the popularity which has been secured. The events came off in the following order:—

The Craven Stakes of 100 sovs each. Mile and a quarter. Eleven subs. Mr. Griffiths's Newcourt, by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs, 7st (Crouch) 1. Mr. J. Day's Ben y Ghlo, 3 yrs, 7st (J. Howlett) 2. 3 to 1 each agst Ben y Ghlo, Era, and Discord; and 4 to 1 agst Newcourt. Balena made running at a good pace to the distance, where she was beaten; Newcourt, who had followed her all the way, went on with the running, and won by a length easy. Balena a bad third, and the others beaten off. The Drawing-room Stakes of 25 sovs each, with a bonus of 10 sovs each, for three-yr-olds; the second received 100 sovs out of the stakes, and the winner paid 25 sovs to the judge. D.R.S. course. Thirty-seven subs to the stakes, and twenty-six to the bonus. Lord Chesterfield's Parthian, 8st 7lb (Templeman) 0. Mr. Payne's Mania (Bessy Bedlam) 8st 2lb (Nat) 0. Mr. Mostyn's General Pollock, 8st 7lb (Marlow) 0. Duke of Richmond's Cornopon, 8st 7lb (Rogers) 0. Duke of Richmond's Odesius, 8st 7lb (Kitchener) 0. Lord Chesterfield's Gravelheart, 8st 7lb (F. Butler) 0. Betting—6 to 5 on Gravelheart, 5 to 2 agst Mania, 5 to 1 agst Parthian, and 6 to 1 agst General Pollock. Lord Chesterfield declared to win with Greatheart.

Odesius made play at a bad pace, followed by General Pollock, Greatheart, and Cornopon next, the others lying off. They continued with scarcely any change to the turn for the run in, where the front was taken by Greatheart and Pollock, and the pace amended. At the distance Parthian and Mania singled themselves out, raced home at a rattling pace, and finished with a dead heat. General Pollock was a bad third. After the race Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Payne agreed to a division, and Parthian walked over. The Ham Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft, for two-yr-olds. T.Y.C. 46 subs. Col. Peel's c by Touchstone, out of Vulture, 8st 4lb (Nat) 1. Mr. Wreford's f by Sultan Junior, 8st 1lb (J. Day, jun.) 2. Even on Colonel Peel (who declared to win with the colt), and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Wreford's filly. The running was made by Zerobia to the bottom of the hill, where it was taken up by Vulture, the Sultan filly lying with him; a distance and a half from home the latter went in advance, but was repassed at the stand, and beaten easily by a length. The others followed in so widely separated that the judge placed them all. The winner is named Sandwich.

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs each, h ft, for four-yr-olds. About three miles and five furlongs. Nineteen subs. Duke of Richmond's b c Eaglesfield, 8st 7lb (Rogers) 1. Lord G. Bentinck's Miscal, 8st 7lb (Nat) 2. Duke of Bedford's c Envoy, 8st 7lb (E. Edwards) 3. Betting—6 to 4 on Eaglesfield. The running was made by Miscal at a moderate pace, Eaglesfield following him to the distance in the run in; the three then closed, and ran nearly abreast to the stand, where Envoy was beaten. The others, both of the Goodwood stable, disputed the race with great spirit to the end, the Richmond colours proving triumphant by a neck only.

The Goodwood Club Stakes of 10 sovs each. Craven Course. Mr. J. Day's gr h Portrait, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb (Mr. J. Baily) 1. Mr. Hook's Una, 5 yrs, 11st (Mr. R. Oliver) 2. Rev. G. Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb (Lord March) 3. Duke of Bedford's gr h Currycomb, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb (Capt. Williams) 4. Count Bathyan's Monarch, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb (Owner) 5. Betting—3 to 1 each agst Una, Portrait, and Currycomb. A capital start, and a close race to the distance, where Portrait finished a waiting job by taking the lead from the Yorkshire Lady, and winning cleverly by a length. Monarch was beaten off.

Match for 99 sovs, h ft. D.R.S.C. Colonel Peel's Rook's Nest, 7st 5lb (Nat) 1. Sir W. W. Wynne's Remnant, 8st 11lb (Mann) 2. Betting—5 to 2 on Rook's Nest, who won by a neck.

The Gratwick Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft, for three-yr-olds. Mile and a half. Forty-one subs. Mr. Bowes's Cotherstone, 8st 7lb (F. Butler) 1. Sir G. Heathcote's Khora aan, 8st 4lb (Chapple) 2. Mr. Gratwick's Mary, 7st 13lb (Bell) 3. Lord G. Bentinck's Caper, 8st 4lb (Rogers) 4.

Betting—5 to 1 on Cotherstone. Mary made the best running she could round the clump, and was then passed by the favourite, who went on with it to the end at a good pace, and won in a canter by two lengths. The Lavant Stakes of 50 sovs each, 30 ft; for two-yr-old colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 3lb. The winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes, or either of the Two-yr-old Stakes at Ascot, to carry 5lb extra. The second saves his stake. Half-a-mile. Twenty-one subs.

Mr. Wreford's b c by Camel, out of Wadestra (J. Day, jun.) 1. Lord Chesterfield's Dog Billy by Ratcheter (F. Butler) 2. Betting—Even on Wadestra, who made all the running, and won easily by a length; Emerald, Best Bower, and Mr. Gratwick's colt were well up. The Welter Stakes of 20 sovs each; for three-yr-olds 10st 2lb; four, 12st 4lb; five, 12st 12lb; six and aged, 13st. Craven Stakes Course. Gents riders. Eight subs.

Mr. John Day's St. Lawrence, 6 yrs (walked over). Match, £300 h ft; Colonel Anson's Napier received forfeit from Lord Glasgow's Anti Dickens, 8st 7lb each. Craven Course. The Inkeepers' Plate of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each. Mr. Ostlestone's Devil among the Tailors, 4 yrs (Butler) 0 1 1. Mr. Bressford's Henri Quatre, 5 yrs (W. Boyce) 1 3 0. The races terminated a few minutes after six. The weather was fine up to three o'clock; and afterwards, for an hour or two, showery; clearing up, however, towards the close of the races.

WEDNESDAY. The weather was again favourable, and although the assemblage on the course was not so numerous as on Tuesday, it was highly respectable, and the stand presented a goodly array of beauty and fashion. The passengers per train were again in good time, and the expressions of satisfaction as to the quantity and character of the sport universal. The bill of fare embraced six races, of which the most important was the Goodwood Stakes. Lord G. Bentinck undertook the task of starting the horses, and all got off on favourable terms except Blue Bonnet, who turned restive at the post, and was left behind. The Irish horse Bacchus was the favourite, but his admirers committed an egregious blunder, as he was beaten nearly a mile from home, and walked in, to the great chagrin of many, but to the delight of those who were not disposed to adopt all that the Irish division suggested as gospel.

The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas; three-yr-olds, 7st 4lb; four, 9st 2lb; five, 9st 13lb; six and aged, 10st 4lb. About three miles and five furlongs. Mr. J. Day's Ben y Ghlo, by Emilius, 3 yrs (J. Howlett) 1. Col. Charr tie's Gander, 4 yrs (Rogers) 2. Duke of Richmond's Eysium, 3 yrs (W. Howlett) 3. 3 to 1 on Ben y Ghlo. Gander made all the running to the distance, when the favourite took it from him, went on alone, and won in a canter by two lengths.

The Stewards' Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each. T.Y.C. 31 subs. Lord G. Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb (Kit hever) 1. Duke of Richmond's Balena, 4 yrs, 7st (Abdale) 2. Balena, African, and Epaulite laid together in front from the start till half way within the distance, when Yorkshire Lady who had followed them, went up with a rush, and won by a f length, Balena second, African a good third, and Epaulite fourth. The winner was ridden by a lad known at Ascot two years ago as Tiny, whose weight, exclusive of saddle, &c., did not exceed 3st 7lb. The first, second, and third horses belong to the Goodwood lot.

The Goodwood Stakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and only 5 lb declared, &c. Cup Course. One hundred and sixty-one subs, 113 of whom declared, &c. Mr. Forth's Lucy Banks, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (Bell) 1. Lord Milford's Scatteen, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (Francis) 2. Mr. Meiklam's Aristotele, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb, and 7lb extra (Templeman) 3.

Betting—4 to 1 agst Bacchus, 6 to 1 agst Tamburini, 9 to 1 agst Lucy Banks, 10 to 1 agst The Whaler, 12 to 1 agst Obark, 10 to 1 agst Aristotele, 12 to 1 agst Jack Sheppard, 14 to 1 agst Scatteen, and 15 to 1 agst Give-me-a-Name. Won by half a length. Aristotele a good third, Emilian fourth, and Tamburini a bad fifth. The favourite was nearly last.

The Cowdray Stakes of 25 sovs each. Mr. Sadler's ch f Alice Lowe, by Delance, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (T. Day) 1. Lord G. Bentinck's Tripoli, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (Rogers) 2. Even on Alice Lowe, who won by half a length; Tiptoe a bad third, and others beaten.

The Stand Plate of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each. Mile heats. Mr. J. Day's St. Lawrence, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb (J. Day, jun.) 1. Duke of Richmond's Mos. aged, 8st 12lb (Rogers) 2.

Both heats won in a canter. The Members' Plate of £50, with 50 added by the Ladies. Heats, once round. Lord Eglington's Jamie Forest, 6 yrs (G. Noble) 1. Mr. King's f, by Bran out of Eliza, 3 yrs (Mann) 2.

Won easy.

#### THURSDAY.

Match for 100 sovs h ft. Mr. Copeland's f 91, by the Prime Ward-n, out of Peg, beat Lord G. Bentinck's f by Colwick, out of Vacuus, 8st 7lb each. T. Y. C.—Won by a length. Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, for two-yr-old colts. Col. Peel's c by Touchstone, out of Vulture (Flatman) 1. Mr. Lichtwald's b c Lander (Butler) 2. Betting 5 to 2 on the winner.—Won by a length. The Racing Stakes of 50 sovs. 2nd heat. 26 subs. Col. Anson's ch c Napier (Butler) 0. Duke of Richmond's b c Cornopon (Rogers) 0.

#### Stakes divided.

Match for 200 sovs h ft. Lord G. Bentinck's Here-I-go-with-my-Eye-out, beat Lord Glasgow's Muley Moloch, dam by Acton, out of Georgiana, 8st 5lb each. T. Y. C. The Goodwood Cup, value £300, by subs of 20 sovs each, the surplus in specie, with 100 sovs added from the fund. Cup course. Hyllus, aged, 9 st 7lb (Rogers) 1. Siricol, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (Sly) 2.

Won by a head.—13 started. Match, 200 h ft.—Lord Glasgow's b f by Reainer, out of Purity, and Lord G. Bentinck's br f by Bay Middleton, out of Malvina, ran a dead heat, 8st 5lb each. T.Y.C.

The Molecomb Stakes of 50 sovs each. 24 subs. Mr. J. Day's b c the Ugly Duck .. (J. Day) 1. Mr. Gratwick's b f by Elis .. (Bell) 2. The Stockwell Stakes of 50 sovs each. 8 subs. Duke of Richmond's b c Lothario .. (Rogers) 1. Mr. Ongley's bl f Queen of the Gipsies .. (Sly) 2. The Sussex Stakes of 25 sovs each. 9 subs. Mr. Treen's bl f Barricade .. (Chapple) 1. Col. Peel's f Zenobia, 3lb .. (Flatman) 2. The Duke of Richmond's Plate (handicap) of 100 sovs. Free for all horses. Duke of Richmond's Pastoral .. 1. Lord Eglington's Egda .. 2.

12 started. Won by a neck. The Anglesy Stakes of 50 sovs each. 17 subs. Gents. riders. Mr. Hook's Una .. (Capt. Oliver) 1. Lord Maidstone's Miscal .. (Lord March) 2. Match.—Lord Chesterfield's c Beadsman received £50 from Sir F. Collier's Saturday Night.

Annexed is a portrait of the Duke of Richmond, the noble owner of Goodwood Park. His grace is the fifth Duke of Richmond, and is the son of the fourth duke by the eldest daughter of the fourth Duke of Gordon. His grace was born in 1791; married, in 1817, the eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey; he succeeded to the dukedom in 1819; and assumed the name of Gordon on the death of his maternal uncle, the fifth duke, in 1836. His grace was at Waterloo, and was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at the latter end of the war; he has been Postmaster-general and a member of the Cabinet; he is lord-lieutenant and vice-admiral of Sussex, colonel of the Sussex militia, aide-de-camp to the Queen, and high steward of Chichester. His grace was one of the founders of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, of which he was the second president, and is now a trustee.

#### PRIZE CUPS.

The "Goodwood Cup" has been manufactured at Messrs. Storr and Mortimer's, in Bond-street, after a design by Mr. Baily, the Royal Academician. It is a representation, in frosted and burnished silver, of the flight of the wild horse with Mazeppa bound to his back. The horse has been modelled by Mr. McCarthy, and the wolves are by the same artist. The horse is at full speed, pursued by the wolves; the group is finely conceived, and executed in the most elaborate manner. The agony of the unfortunate victim bound on the horse is shown in every limb and muscle, and in the contortions of the face; whilst the energy of action in the horse, the joint effect of terror and desperation, is delineated in a most masterly manner: there is all the fire and animation that can be combined in a real horse, depicted without the affected idealism by which a horse is caricatured into a fiery dragon. The whole is an admirable piece of miniature art, and full of taste and genius.

The two other cups engraved on the preceding page, designed by Mr. Cotterill, and manufactured by Messrs. Garrards, are remarkably fine works of art. They consist of groups cast in silver, an improvement on the old system. One of these compositions is founded on an incident related in the "Wilde Jager," of the German poet Bürger; that, after the death of a cruel Wildgrave, the people adopted a superstition that they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds, and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horse's feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game; the pack and the sportsmen are also distinctly discriminated, but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. The group is composed of the Wildgrave, who is represented spearing a deer, which has fled for succour to the very foot of the altar, and a venerable hermit, who appears protesting against such a desecration of the altar. The composition is full of animation and spirit. The other group represents an incident in the novel of "Ivanhoe," where King Richard places himself at the head of the outlaws, in order to attack the castle of Reginald Front de Bœuf. The characters introduced are Richard, the Clerk of Copmanhurst, and Wamba the fool. The expertness Mr. Cotterill exhibits in the delineation of both his human and equine characters is extraordinary. In other works of this class we hear of the design being made by one, the human figures executed by another, and the horses by a third artist; but the groups of which we are speaking owe their principal charm—those of consistency between the design and execution, and a well-sustained spirit throughout—to the fact of their being the work of one artist alone.

#### NATIONAL SPORTS.

This week has given us the *beau ideal* of our text—the meeting at Goodwood being such a sample of its national sports as no other country under the sun could furnish. As much first-rate racing was comprised in its four days as would supply half the "crack" courses all over the country, and the manner of the arrangement was faultless. There was infinitely better sport than one meets anywhere else, with none, or almost none, of the ordinary drawbacks. Loose ballad singers and indecent mountebanks were neither to be heard nor seen; and if the thimble-rig division marauded pretty freely, men learnt experience from them, which is the only teacher after all. The prospective influence of Goodwood is now its sole importance to the newspaper reader, and of that we come to speak.

According to all the ultra-knowing, the fashion in which Cotherstone came to the post and cut his horses to chips makes the St. Leger of 1843 a foregone conclusion: "It's all over but shouting" is in everybody's mouth, and *vox populi vox dei*, is a sage suggestion. Still we cannot counsel a friend to back him at such prices as the sanguine catch at about him. Its barely worth winning by a horse if one must go through the agony of seeing him run in a field of a score, backed to beat them all. Sweet saints! it is a thing to move you to tears, to look on a gentleman, who has left wife and tender babes in his rear (prædix nature in May-fair, or quietly dozing in the parish of Bloomsbury, or cke St. Pancras), shivering in his shoes on a northern moor, while at the same time the Yorkshire tykes are getting up all conceivable and inconceivable devils to upset the chance of a favourite on which he stands "to be, or not to be"—a living cockney. This will hardly be done, ye backers of the crack, or even Michaelmas cometh with its prophetic goose. There are those who have brought about their wicked ends in this way, to the discomfiture of equestrians such as Robinson, who rideth as never did the son of man, and Gully of the leg, that hath overtaken fortune with a seven-league boot. The Scotts (we mean the Malton men of that ilk) have a stable full of choice steeds, as well as Cotherstone, and should he all never so little, there would still be balm for their friends; therefore back their Leger l. Napier or Parthian, and a few others, would help them over any *contre temps*. And, *à propos* to backing stables, this is the hour to tie to John of Danebury; gorge all good offers against honest John Day's Derby lot. His winner of the Lavant Stakes, Mr. Wreford's colt by Camel, out of Wadestra, *must* be a slapping favourite, and will be a sure card to hedge to. As to remaining on a horse, he who contemplates such a *volte* is beyond our counsel. Next week we shall be enabled to quote some important business for Doncaster and Epsom: at present there is nothing doing in the betting market.

GENERAL PEACE CONVENTION.—A deputation, consisting of Messrs. G. C. Beckwith, Thomas C. C. C. Walker, and J. R. Willis, from the United States of America, and the Rev. W. Toase, of Paris, had the honour of an audience of the King of the French at the Palace of Neuilly on Friday, at one o'clock, for the purpose of presenting to his Majesty the "Memorial to the Governments of the Civilized World," adopted by the General Peace Convention recently held in London, on the imp. It is a series of treaties between nations a clause binding the parties to refer their disputes to the arbitration of one or more friendly powers mutually chosen, and thus prevent the necessity of having recourse to arms. His Majesty gave the deputation a very gracious reception, assured them of his cordial interest in the object of their mission, and expressed himself in terms highly gratifying to the deputation.

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 5th.

SUNDAY, July 30—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.  
MONDAY, 31.—St. Ignatius.  
TUESDAY, August 1.—Lammas Day.  
WEDNESDAY, 2.—First Mail, 1784.  
THURSDAY, 3.—Bank of England commenced, 1732.  
FRIDAY, 4.—St. Dominic.  
SATURDAY, 5.—Henry I. crowned, 1100.

#### High Water at London-bridge, for the Week ending August 5.

| Monday.     | Tuesday.    | Wednesday.  | Thursday.   | Friday.     | Saturday.   |
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| M. A. h. m. | M. A. h. m. | M. A. h. m. | M. A. h. m. | M. A. h. m. | M. A. h. m. |
| 4 40        | 5 0         | 5 20        | 5 43        | 6 6         | 6 28        |
|             |             |             |             |             | 6 52        |
|             |             |             |             |             | 7 18        |
|             |             |             |             |             | 7 49        |
|             |             |             |             |             | 8 20        |
|             |             |             |             |             | 9 0         |
|             |             |             |             |             | 9 41        |

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. O." Workington. is thanked, but we have not room for the illustration. "Quackor" should communicate with some educational journal or philological work. The article on the Cartoons in our No. 63, explains our non-insertion of "the Trial by Jury." "L. T. T." Escher.—We are happy to hear that our journal has been so influential. "F. C." Wigan.—A portrait of Father Mathew appeared in No. 39 of our journal. "J. H." Doncaster.—The sketches have been received, but as we have not room for them they shall be returned. "P." is informed that the terms "superfluous 4th" and "diminished 5th," are but remnants of the vocabulary of an obsolete soi-disant science, called "though bass." Th. abbreviation "Op" signifies opera or work, without any connexion with a dramatic production; thus we say, Beethoven, Op. 3 or 33, meaning the composition so numerically stated. "The Hon. J. T." is thanked for the sketch, which, however, has no immediate interest. "J. H. S." Dunfermline.—We would willingly reply to our correspondent, were it not contrary to our practice to give the opinion he asks. "C. D. G."—The sketch is left at our office for return. "Royal Agricultural Society."—The portrait of the Earl of Hardwicke was copied from a photograph taken by Mr. Johnson at Derby. "R. G."—Octogenarian signifies a person aged eighty. "A Subscriber," Sudbury.—Our correspondent's opinion is the reverse of the general one. See the present number. "Peter Pistol" is a quiz. "A Young Subscriber."—We have not room. "B. K." Eastbourne, is thanked for the invitation, but we have not time to attend. "J. S. P." Huddersfield.—Sixpence each for the paper. The print and supplement one shilling. "J. B. S."—Windsor Castle is open to the public on Sundays. The chapel repairs are in progress. "Z. A."—We believe the paragraph to be untrue. "P. W."—The subjects appear from time to time. "A Subscriber."—See Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic." "A. R. V."—Apply to Herald's College; the fee is about one guinea. "A. A. A."—The error only appeared in a small portion of the impression. Any news respecting the colony will be acceptable. "H. O. P. E."—The price of the Colosseum Print and Supplement is one shilling. "E. K." Kingston.—The information required may be obtained at any fishing-tackle maker's. "A Cricketer."—Thanks; his wishes shall be attended to. "H. A." Islington.—The first step is to get a recommendation to the postmaster-general, signed by several respectable householders. "J. C." East India Chambers.—We have no recollection of the book having reached us. "W. N."—We believe not. "Heat."—Water boils at 212 deg.; oil at 340 deg.; lead melts at 600 deg. "Anchor's" letter has been forwarded to the engraver. We have not time to read the two long letters addressed to Sir Robert Peel. "J. D." Lynn.—We have not room for the engraving of the church. "P. B. P."—The population of ancient Rome has been strangely mistated. The highest number we find to be 450,000; this being the last account preserved, though not the last which was taken during the republic. "J. T." Roch-ster.—The history of "Gig and Magog" in Guildhall, is a lengthy matter. They are supposed to represent "two brave giants (?), Curmeus and Gommagog," who figured in the conquest of Albion by Brutus, the great-grandson of Aeneas. See Mr. Hone's curious volume on "An Ant Mystery." Sam Slick in England.—"Caduceus" and another correspondent have pointed out some confusion of fact and earnest in our sketch of Mr. Justice Haliburton; whereas, we have but followed the Clockmaker's self announcement: "The Honourable Mr. Slick, Attaché of the American Legation to the Court of Saint James' Victoria." We thank our correspondents for their discovery. "Sir W. H."—The pamphlet has been received. "F. S. T."—See "Dr. Baxter's Instructions," published by Renshaw, Strand. Chess.—Will "G. D." Leeds, send us his address? "A beginner."—Certainly the king can take the queen, provided by so doing he does not go into check of some other piece. "Clericus Delphicus."—Problem received. All solutions sent are noticed in the answers to correspondents. "Peon" and "Wa."—The solutions are different, though done in the same number of moves. "J. J. C."—Correct. Will the secretary of the Enfield Club inform us how the match by correspondence is going on? "A York Subscriber."—Wrong. The Q may interpose at the second move. "W. Wat er" and "J. E. Green."—Four solutions of No. 26 is not correct. "Man"—sir.—We really cannot make out this signature. See our answer to "H. X. Z. Q." last week.

\*.\* The great quantity of covers required for binding enable us to sell them at such a price, that cover and binding together only cost 5s.—viz., cover, 3s. and binding 2s. The same elegant style of binding for any other work would not cost less than 10s. or 15s. Elegant portfolios for preserving the numbers during perusal, may be had, price 4s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—It is with the greatest possible pleasure that we announce the near completion of our new machines. We must beg the indulgence of our Subscribers for another three weeks, when we trust our increased facilities will enable us to make such improvements in the several departments of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, as shall more than recompense our patrons for any disappointment or inconvenience they may have experienced, and give it a still stronger claim to the title of the best Weekly Newspaper.

#### THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1843.

SINCE our last another revolution may be said to have taken place in the Peninsula. Spain, in a new convulsion, has undergone a fresh change; and that fierce hostility to Espartero which—partly on account of his determined opposition to the views of Queen Christina, and partly because of his predilections in favour of this country—formed the animating principle of the foreign councils of France, has now the gratification of feeling that it has completely triumphed, and that by gold, treachery, and disaffection the demon of political vengeance has perfected his work. It is now all over with the Regent, and Espartero may be regarded by politicians as a creature of the past. His generals have been vanquished without a struggle before Madrid, and one of them ingloriously captured in a bloodless fray; his troops, his most trusted troops, have fraternized with the *pronunciamentos*; the capital has been ceded to his enemies; while he himself, inert, weak, and seemingly paralyzed by the crisis of the times, appears rather to have waited in anticipation for the news of his own discomfiture, than to have contemplated one single act of vigour, one political or soldierly exploit. It is in this last regard that public feeling partakes of mingled surprise and regret. Everybody did not think that the genius of Espartero was equal to its great emergency; everybody did not place credence in the potency of his statesmanship; but everybody did believe that the general



would do something worthy of a loud repute; that the soldier would not give up his game as lost, and abandon power and position to those who spoke menacingly, but who, as yet, had plunged into their purpose with nothing of the earnestness of war. The world looked for something like a last struggle, although, for the ends of peace and Christianity, it is as well that it has not been brought about.

In the best informed diplomatic circles the destiny of the Regent has been not unlooked for. It was felt, known, that the sources of his power were undermined—hopelessly and thoroughly corrupted. City after city was passing away from him, pronouncing against him with a daring energy, an open bravado of insolence, which proved not only that his authority was not dreaded, but that it was despised. He had one or two apparently faithful generals, but neither he nor they adopted any imposing course, or assumed any attitude that was likely to strike terror into their foes. There could be no doubt of the untiring perseverance, the almost universal presence of French influence in Spain; there could be no doubt either of the absence of anything like a countervailing support of Espartero by the diplomacy of England; and, indeed, we fear that our own position in this respect has been not altogether creditable to our foreign councils. At last the defeat of Seoane and Zurbano, and the cession of Madrid, have confirmed the predictions of diplomatists; and the spectacle of another foreign revolution, effected almost by a *coup de main*, has destroyed the prospects of her Regent, and embarked upon a new ocean the flickering destinies of Spain.

And although what has been done wears the curious and inconsistent aspect of a mighty civil change, effected, without conflict or bloodshed, entirely by military agency; and although we now know in whose hands the power is for the moment vested; yet there is only a commotion ended, a change produced, without any certainty about the results of that commotion or the tendency of that change. All is darkness, vain and vague speculation, as to the new order of affairs in Spain. It is impossible to think that order, tranquillity, and firm government will suddenly rise like a phoenix from the ashes of the recent broil. It cannot be believed that anything like permanence and stability of institutions will be at once achieved, or that the power of the state and the administration of its government will be vested in the hands of men who will at once satisfy the varying views of the most fickle and distracted of the human races of the world; so long, too, accustomed to the elements of war and disorder, that they would seem like strangers in a land of peace. For the upshot of their new revolution we must, therefore, wait for the developments of time; and in the interim only hope, with all Christian lovers of tranquillity, that it may speedily, if it will not suddenly, result in a cessation of unnatural conflicts, a loyal adherence to some frame and order of government adapted to the common good, a restoration of the harmonies of society, and a return to the cultivation of the arts of peace.

It should always be a subject of unaffected sorrow to the respectable members of society to find that a deep and far-spread system of dishonesty has communicated itself to any department of public affairs—that it has worked practical mischiefs of the worst order in a spirit lavish of deception, undermining the integrity of the public service, and robbing the country of its revenue and the Government of its just rights. That such a system has long poisoned one of the most important branches of the national exchequer we now have in evidence beyond dispute. It is not long since there was a sudden and panic-working *claircissement* of the forgeries of Exchequer Bills, and now—by the publication of a "Report of the Commissioners of Public Revenue"—we have an alarming disclosure of organized and long-practised frauds in the Customs, which cannot but produce a deep impression upon the community, and give rise to a serious demand for something like a general inquiry into the detail workings of other departments of the Government in which the national treasure, whether for collection or expenditure, is concerned. It would seem that time has introduced corruptions, which common honesty should insist on rooting out.

The report to which we have alluded really presents an awful front of crime—crime which, we must say, seems to have derived its impunity from official negligence, and the lazy and wicked blindness of public servants who will not take the trouble to see. These are men who should have their eyes opened at once by the punishment of dismissal. Next to want of honesty, want of zeal is the greatest iniquity of which a servant of any kind, public or private, clerk or officer, can be found guilty. It is a wickedness utterly without excuse. But to return. The frauds in the Customs, disclosed by the reports of the commissioners, are of the most extensive kind. They have been not isolated nor individual, but imply the long practical exercise of efficient organization, artfully contrived in the first instance, and afterwards most vigorously pursued. The system has been worked by the most confidential officers of the Customs Board, in conjunction with commercial houses, by whose gold they had been corrupted, and whose respectability was evidently held as nothing to their gain. And furthermore, its operation may be said to have been countenanced by negligence; for had the otherwise innocent parties been personally vigilant, as well as personally honest, speedy discovery must have followed upon the nefarious transactions which were taking place, and the indelible disgrace of the report before us would never have fixed its stigma upon the establishments in which they serve. Let it serve as warning, however, to public servants in all departments of the state. In the words of a contemporary, "Let the lessons taught by its revelations be deeply pondered by all whose duties comprehend a watchful superintendence and inspection of the official conduct of others." Negligence in the superior invariably leads to delinquency in the subordinate; it involves dishonesty equally, if not more extensively, criminal as the fraud which is perpetrated by its means, and deserves punishment as severe as the transgression which it occasions.

We shall now present to our readers, at one startling glance, the official digest of the means by which the vast public robberies that have been discovered have been so long, and with such utter abandonment of principle, carried on. *Eccc signum.*

1. The granting of false certificates by the export officers whose duty it is to ascertain what goods are shipped.
2. By granting a false certificate of the quality, or of the existence of goods for exportation, to obtain an amount of drawback of duty far exceeding what is legally due, or a drawback for an imaginary exportation of articles.
3. The dummy system, or the substitution of a package of low-duty goods or a package of high-duty goods. Passing cigars, for instance, under the denomination of marble.
4. By the negligent or wilful under valuation of goods where they are subjected to *ad valorem* duties, and the dishonest or careless and faulty enumeration of the goods when their amount is to be stated.
5. By the improper computation of the taxes of packages.
6. An under valuation and under account of goods, so that an under duty is paid by means of making a proper entry into the rough books on examining the goods, and obliterating that entry so soon as they were safe in the warehouse of the importer, substituting, in place of the proper entry, a false and insufficient entry of the goods, denoting a low duty which was paid, instead of the proper duty to the Crown.
7. The fraudulent entries of goods by the substitution of fresh leaves for the original leaves in the landing-waiters' "Blue Books," with imitations of the handwriting of the registrar's clerks, with false entries and with false seals.
8. The obliteration of the entry in the "Blue Book" by a chemical process, and the substitution of a false for the real account in it.

We have no time to go into the vast mass of evidence by which the above propositions are established—proved by most

searching expositions of baseness—by most painful disclosures of systematic dishonesty and depravity, organized and disciplined in its career of crime. The case of one man—a first-class landing-waiter, remunerated to the liberal extent of four hundred pounds per annum—is horrible to contemplate; and it seems that his wickedness was fortified by that of four and twenty culprit comrades in his department of the Customs alone—all landing-waiters, like himself. This man's name was Homersham, and his revelations, like those of a William Burnby before him, are most astounding and complete. We shall not pause here to describe the detail depredations of this Homersham, whom shame, remorse, and dishonour have already punished even unto death. After his exposure he literally grieved his way into the tomb, and society has had its retribution. Let his fate be a warning for ever to those who find honesty yielding to deserved difficulty—integrity giving way before the profligate's pressure by the world. But for Homersham's survivors, numerous as they are, what shall we say? Why this, that as public robbers they are branded, as members of society disgraced; and that they have been, or will be, most probably, brought to justice for their crimes. At all events they are dismissed from an honourable calling dishonourably pursued, and turned outcasts upon the world. But this is not the pith and matter of the public concern. It is that neglect should be so glaring, vigilance so base, idleness so unblushing in our public offices, that staring delinquencies should flourish undiscovered over a series of years; that public treasure should be wasted, revenue defrauded, and confidence betrayed, because the eye of zeal was blind and the soul of energy inactive and asleep—in a word, because public men did not do their duty—did not earn their salt? Now, we candidly confess our fear that this same fault, this great and corrupt evil, has long pervaded many branches of the public service besides the Customs; and we have taken up the subject because we truly think that the Exchequer Bill panic, and this more recent discovery and exposure of revenue frauds, do present two tangible justifications for an inquiry into the mode of conducting business generally in our public offices, and this inquiry we call upon the Executive to make. It would expose all the filth of a modern Augean stable tenfold more formidable than the fabled one of old; moreover, it would lead to its cleansing by that strong Hercules, justice, and would completely drain and purify and render wholesome all the polluted under-slitches which corrupt and poison the health and integrity of official life.

The letter of our Paris correspondent, which will be found in another page, contains a narrative of the progress made by the military insurrection in Spain since our last publication—an insurrection which, if the annexed telegraphic despatch be correct, has had one of the most unlooked-for and bloodless terminations that has ever yet occurred in that insurrectionary country:—

"Madrid, July 23.  
"The troops of Narvaez and Seoane encountered each other yesterday at Torrejon, and, after an engagement of about a quarter of an hour, the soldiers of both armies fraternized. Seoane and the son of Zurbano were taken prisoners. Zurbano made his escape, and concealed himself in Madrid.  
"We are assured that the municipality is going out at this moment to surrender Madrid unconditionally.  
"The military are returning to their homes.  
"The troops of Enna, which pronounced themselves, are in possession of the posts. I am informed that Narvaez or Aspiroz will enter Madrid at five o'clock with his division."

In reference to this communication the *Globe* shrewdly enough observes, that—

"The most rapid conveyance from Madrid to Bayonne is not less than sixty hours; that news of the 24th instant from Madrid could not possibly have reached town through Paris on Tuesday night; and that the events thus reported must apparently have been learned by second sight at the conciliabules of Queen Christina."

"We must besides remark on the manifest improbability on the face of those accounts, that the troops of Narvaez and Seoane should have fraternized in fifteen minutes after firing had commenced."

Our well-informed contemporary, the *Times*, appears to regard the intelligence as authentic, and observes as follows:—

"Thus ends, then, the first act in this eventful drama; and, however we may deplore a result which is pregnant with the direst forebodings for the future, we cannot but rejoice that Spain has been spared the horrors of a long civil war, and that in this revolt the population of her cities and her provinces has been at least of one mind. That such a unanimity should endure long enough to establish a strong Government is what we most desire, and what we can least hope. At no time since the death of Ferdinand have the affairs of Spain worn so decidedly the appearance of revolutionary excitement; and every attempt to predict what may be the strength and character of the civil Government which may arise out of the present crisis would be premature."

#### THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

The Queen and Prince Albert, the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg Gotha, the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal suite and the household, attended divine service on Sunday morning in the Chapel Royal, Buckingham Palace. The Hon. and Rev. C. L. Courtenay officiated and preached the sermon.

The Queen and Prince Albert, the Duke Ferdinand, Prince Augustus and Princess Clementine, and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg Gotha, inspected on Saturday the Goodwood Cup, the subject of which is Mazeppa, submitted by Mr. Mortimer at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness were pleased to express their approbation. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with their royal visitors, afterwards honoured the performance at the Italian Opera with their presence.

The King of Hanover honoured the members of the Carlton Club with his company at dinner on Saturday evening. His Majesty left town for Kew in the evening.

HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL.—The Queen gave a state ball on Monday evening at Buckingham Palace. The vestibule was again lighted by the handsome eight-light gas lustre, on Faraday's ventilating principle, and attracted much attention. The tent of Tipoo Sahib, in which the refreshments were served, was lighted by a large argand burner, of a novel construction, with 570 jets of gas, which was fitted up on Faraday's method of carrying off all the burnt air and noxious products of combustion. It was enveloped in the representation of an eastern sun. The grand hall and staircase were very tastefully ornamented with a great variety of the choicest shrubs and flowers. The whole of the state rooms were opened for the occasion; the ball-room and the throne-room were appropriated for dancing, having quadrille ban's in each. The grand saloon and the picture gallery were opened for the reception of the general company, the royal family being received by her Majesty in the yellow drawing-room. The general company began to arrive at half-past nine. The King of Hanover arrived at a quarter past ten. The Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady C. Dundas and Sir G. Comper, arrived soon afterwards. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George were attended by Lady A. Somerset and Baron Knesbeck. The Duchess of Gloucester was attended by her lady in waiting. After the arrival of the august and illustrious visitors, her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the King of Hanover, the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester, &c. &c., left the drawing-room, preceded by the Lord Steward and the Vice-Chamberlain, for the ball-room. Mons. Julien and Herr König's private band was in attendance in this apartment, and the Queen opened the ball in a quadrille with Prince George, having, as a *vis-à-vis*, the Princess Clementine and Prince Albert. The band afterwards performed several favourite musical novelties—*Don Pasquale* and *Belshazzar* quadrilles, with choral accompaniments; and "The Princess Clementine," "Mecklenburg Strelitz," and "Bird of Paradise" waltzes. The Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Anglesey, Marquis of Lansdowne, Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston, Lady Peel, Lord Morpeth, Lord and Lady Stanley, Earl of Auckland, Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Fortescue, Sir R. Stopford, Lord and Lady J. Russell, Lord Langdale, Vice-Chancellor Wigram, the Attorney-General, and Sir T. Wilde, were among the earlier guests. The Marquis of Lorne and the Chisholm wore the Highland dress. Her Majesty and her illustrious visitors quitted the ball-room at half-past 11, and passed across the picture-gallery to the throne-room. Weippert's quadrille band was stationed here and performed the following new pieces:—*Quadrilles*—Les Noces de la Reine, Une Fête à Fontainebleau, La Sentinelle Perdue. Waltzes—Don Pasquale, Ondine, Die Verschwandler. The Queen danced in this apartment. During the evening her Majesty and Prince Albert, the King of Hanover, and the other royal and distinguished guests, occupied the reserved raised seats placed in the recesses of both rooms. To enumerate the parties at this magnificent entertainment would be to copy the *Court Calendar*, as nearly every person of rank and fashion in London was present.

On Tuesday afternoon her Majesty and her Royal Highness the Princess

Clementine of Saxe Coburg Gotha left Buckingham Palace in a carriage and four, and visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. Lady Portman and Madame Augelat followed in another carriage. Prince Albert, the Duke Ferdinand, and the Princes Augustus and Leopold, accompanied the Queen and the Princess on horseback, attended by Major-General Wemyss and Colonel Bouverie. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duke Ferdinand, and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg Gotha, attended by Lady Portman, Hon. Miss Murray, Lord Byron, Baron Waugenhiem, Major-General Wemyss, Colonel Bouverie, and Captain Zaitock, honoured the Italian Opera House with their presence in the evening.

WEDNESDAY.—The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by their illustrious guests, returned to Buckingham Palace after viewing the Thames Tunnel, at four o'clock. The royal dinner party in the evening included her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the French Ambassador or Countess St. Aulaire, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Charlotte Dundas, the Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Melbourne, Lord and Lady Beaulieu. The band of the Royal Horse Guards was in attendance.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—On Tuesday, at St. George's Church, Hanover square, the marriage of the Hon. William Dawney, M.P., eldest son of Viscount Downe, and Miss Bagot, eldest daughter of the Bishop of Oxford and Lady Harriet Bagot, was solemnized in the presence of a large circle.

A Cabinet Council was held on Saturday afternoon at the Foreign Office. It was attended by Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Wharcliffe, the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Stanley, Sir J. Graham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Earl of Ripon, Mr. Gladstone, Sir H. Hardinge, and Sir E. Knatchbull. The Council sat two hours and a half.

Sir James Graham had a dinner-party on Saturday last at his residence in Hill-street. The company consisted of the French Ambassador and the Countess de St. Aulaire, the Russian Minister and Baroness Brunow, the American Minister and Mrs. Everett, the Earl and Countess of Erroll, Lord and Lady Mahon, Lord Brougham, Lord and Lady Seymour, Hon. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Lockhart.

Mr. John Wood, Chairman of the Excise, had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Saturday last.

DEATH OF LADY (VERE) BROKE.—Her ladyship died at Broke-hall, Suffolk, on Thursday last, in her 63th year. She was daughter of the late Sir Fowle Middleton, Bart., and sister to the present baronet, and married, 1802, the late gallant Admiral Sir Philip Bowes Vere Broke, Bart., whom she survived two years, and by whom she has left the present baronet and other issue.

#### CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

The Lord Bishop of Peterborough has instituted the Rev. John Babington, M.A., to the vicarage of Thrusington, Leicestershire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Edward Henry Hoare.

The Lord Bishop of Durham has been pleased to license the Rev. George Heriot, M.A., of University College, Durham, to the district church of St. Anne, Durham, on the nomination of the Rev. Robert Green, M.A., incumbent of All Saints, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Rev. Arthur Jem, M.A., has been instituted to the vicarage of Rowington, near Warwick, vacant by the death of the Rev. Hugh Laugharne.

The Rev. Richard Herbert, B.A., has been appointed one of the ministers of the Abbey Church, Bath.

The Rev. Richard Crosse, B.A., has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Broomfield, Somersetshire; patron Colonel Hamilton.

The Rev. William Tucker Arundel Radford has been instituted to the rectory of Doun St. Mary, Exeter, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Peter Compyns Tucker.

The Rev. C. Melhuish, M.A., has been instituted to the rectory of High-bray, vacant by the death of the Rev. Thomas U. John, on the presentation of T. P. Acland, Esq.

The Lord Bishop of Winchester has licensed the Rev. Dr. Hatherell to the perpetual curacy of St. James, West End, near Southampton, on the presentation of the Rev. William Dann Harrison, M.A., vicar of South Stoneham, the patron.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has appointed the Rev. Edmund Melville, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the office of Chancellor of the diocese of St. David's, void by the resignation of Mr. Pecheil. The new chancellor has appointed the Rev. David Williams his principal surrogate, and continued him in his office of judge of the episcopal and consistorial court at Carmarthen.

The Lord Bishop of Exeter intends holding a course of confirmations for Exeter and the neighbouring parishes, between September 20th and 25th. The right rev. prelate intends holding a general ordination in the cathedral church of his diocese, on Sunday, September 24th.

His Grace the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Canterbury conferred the degree of Doctor in Divinity on the Rev. William St. John, D.D., of Christchurch, Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands, and Principal Ecclesiastical Commissary in that colony.

The Rev. John F. Collis, D.D., of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been licensed by the Bishop of London to the ministry of St. Peter's Episcopal Chapel, Queen-square, Westminster, which will be re-opened for the celebration of divine service on Sunday morning next.

#### IRELAND.

The usual weekly meeting of the Repeal Association took place at the Corn Exchange, Dublin, on Tuesday, after the return of Mr. O'Connell from Tuam. The rent for the week amounted to £2198 18s. 6d.

REPEAL DEMONSTRATION AT GALWAY.—The Galway repeal demonstration took place within two miles of Tuam on Sunday last, when Mr. O'Connell was in attendance, and addressed the multitude in his usual eloquent and persuasive style. The chair was taken by Mr. Bodkin, a member of Parliament and justice of the peace. Several other magistrates and members of Parliament were present, and took part in the proceedings, which were but a repetition of what had occurred at the other great gatherings throughout the country. The repeal rent amounted to upwards of £200. A dinner took place in the evening, to which upwards of 400 persons sat down. The whole passed off without any disturbance.

EXTRAORDINARY SEIZURE OF CANNON AND AMMUNITION AT WATERFORD.—On Saturday last W. M. Alcock, Esq., one of the landing waiters of the port of Waterford, proceeded on board the William Penn steamer, which had arrived from Liverpool, and seized the following, viz.:—two cannons, one large cask of gunpowder and ball, also three large tin cases for keeping the powder dry; all of which the officer lodged in her Majesty's Custom-house stores. It appears that they were intended to fortify Caher House, the residence of Lord Glengall. It is said that the cannons were neither branded or marked.

The Dublin and Galway mail-coach was upset on the 21st inst., crossing the bridge of Athlone. In wheeling round from the bridge towards the barrack-gate, the coachman drove up on the pathway, and the vehicle going at a rapid pace, lost its equilibrium, and turned over. Colonel Williams, a passenger, just taken up at Haire's Hotel, had one of his legs broken. The coachman, whose name is Grady, had also one of his legs broken; and Woods, the guard, was severely cut on the head. Four inside passengers escaped unhurt. Fifteen minutes' delay only took place, as the coach, save one of the panels, was uninjured.

STATE OF IRELAND.—During a toll suit tried at the Clare assizes, Mr. Charles Murray, solicitor to Colonel Wyndham (who now possesses the extensive Irish estates of the late Earl of Egremont), was examined as a witness. Mr. Justice Jackson, who presided, addressing the witness, said, "I am happy to perceive that reports regarding Ireland did not prevent you visiting us."—Mr. Murray: "I assure your lordship that I have not the slightest apprehension, so far as personal safety is concerned. My friends were more timid in letting me come over."—Mr. Justice Jackson: "You are quite right, and I assure you that you are as safe in Ireland as you could be in Cornwall." Such is the testimony of a Tory judge, appointed by the present Government, respecting the state of Ireland, at a moment when that Government, paralysed by absurd apprehensions, are filling the country with troops, and garrisoning every old fortress around the coast.

THE CARLAND RIOTS, COUNTY OF TYRONE, Thursday, July 20.—The persons convicted of the riots at this place, belonging to both parties, were severally sentenced to periods of imprisonment, varying from nine months to one month, with hard labour.

#### ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

##### OXFORD CIRCUIT.—GLOUCESTER.

The flattest assize that ever was known at Gloucester for many years past terminated on Monday last, and the judges and gentlemen of the bar had some two or three days' very grateful relaxation before they recommenced the business of the circuit at Monmouth, where, according to the latest advices, they are not likely to be detained more than a day and a half.

##### NORFOLK CIRCUIT.—HUNTINGDON.

This little county, always tolerably peaceful, is at present apparently unusually so; the cause list being an entire blank, and the criminal calendar consisting of not more than ten fines, and containing the names of only four persons for trial. The town was nearly as empty and as dull as usual, and far more so than it is at the period of the holding of the quarter sessions.

##### HOME CIRCUIT.—MAIDSTONE.

The commission was opened for the county of Kent on Monday. There are upwards of fifty prisoners for trial, but none of the cases are of a serious character. On the civil side twenty-seven causes are entered, three of which only are special juries. Mr. Baron Parke sat in the Crown Court, and Chief Justice Tindal at Nisi Prius. The cases were devoid of interest.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—There is no truth in the report of an after season of twelve nights. As soon as the regular subscription terminates, the principal artists depart to fulfil engagements which cannot admit of postponement.



## LAUNCH OF THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAM SHIP.

In resuming our account of this great national event, we should state that the annexed illustrations have been sketched and engraved by Mr. E. Landell, who visited Bristol, and witnessed the whole of the proceedings on Wednesday, the 19th, expressly for the purpose of enabling us to present to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS an accurate as well as artistical representation of the leading incidents of the day's fête.

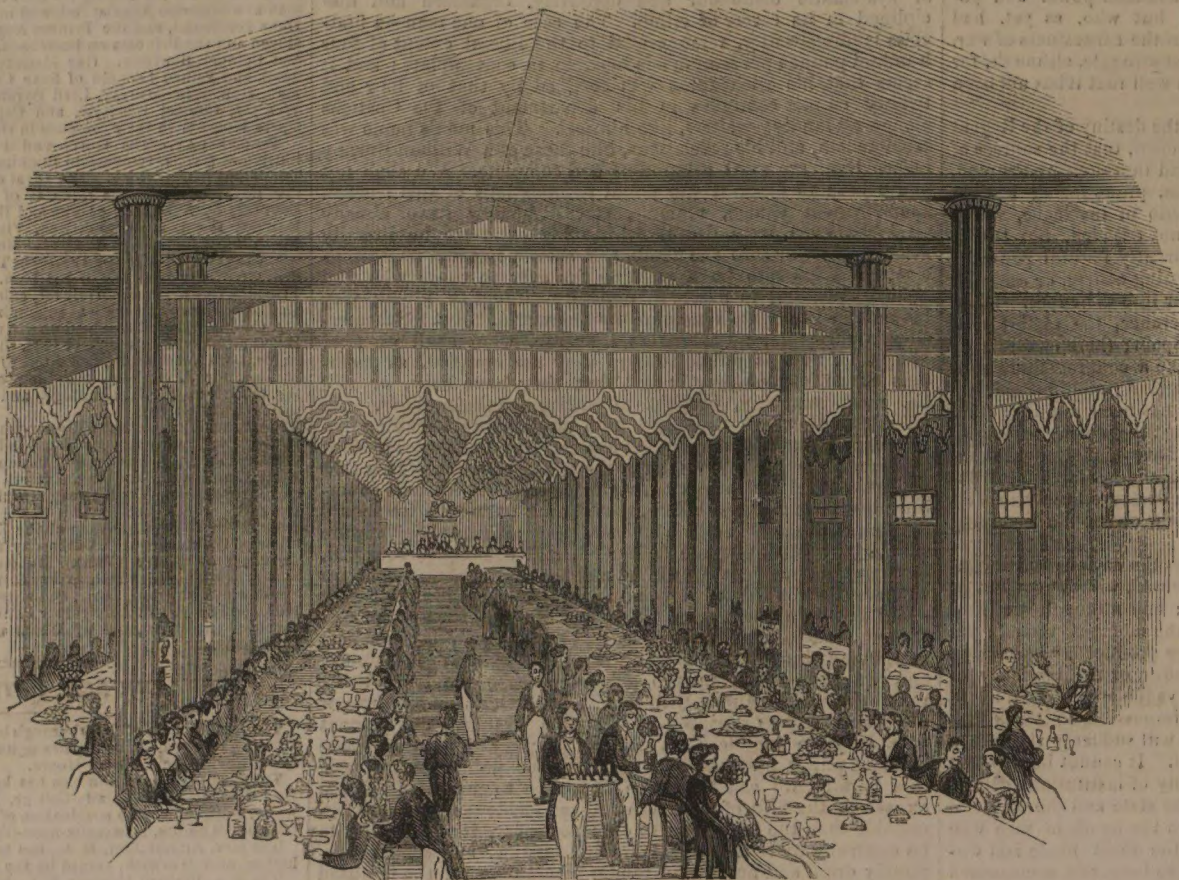
The royal visit to Bath was described in our paper of last week, though we omitted to state that Prince Albert, in his reply to the address read by the Mayor, stated that he hoped at no very distant period that he should again visit Bath, accompanied by her Majesty the Queen.

The presentation of the addresses to the Prince at Bristol was also detailed in our last. The general appearance of the city is allowed in the *Bristol Journal* to be thus graphically described by a London contemporary:—

"At an early hour all Bristol was astir. The streets were thronged with people, dressed in their holiday attire; and during the morning numbers flocked in from the country around. Bristol is often, too often we think, characterised as an ugly town; but the appearance of its irregular old streets on Wednesday was picturesque in the extreme. Every window of the line selected as the route from the railway to the dock was crowded with eager faces, flags waved from towers and steeples, and from lines drawn from roof to roof. Triumphant arches of evergreens and flowers spanned the streets, their fresh green masses of glancing foliage contrasting well with the antique, lumbering old houses, their high Flemish gables, irregular outlines, rude carving, and projecting stories, while the towers of the churches for which Bristol is so famous, each sending forth its merry peal to mingle with the general hum of enjoyment and excitement, furnished a scene which, when steeped in warm sunlight, formed a very striking and beautiful spectacle."

## TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

On starting from the railway terminus, the first object that met the eye was a splendid triumphal arch near Temple-gate, thrown across the whole width of the road, from the George Inn, on one side, to the Saracen's Head, on the other. It was covered with a profusion of laurel and flowers, with festoons of the same, gracefully arranged. On the top ran a line in white letters on blue ground, of "God bless the Queen and Prince Albert," surmounted with a magnificent crown of cut flowers. Above this was a line of flags, flanked at the corners with two banners, one bearing the inscription of "Church and Queen," and the other presenting a view of Redcliff Church. This picturesque arch is represented on the opposite page; and at night it was tastefully illuminated. There were likewise two arches spanning the bridge, and seen with striking effect from the corner of Bath-street. The one on the Redcliff side was ornamented with a profusion of laurel and flowers, with stars of cut flowers on each side. In the immediate vicinity of the Exchange was another magnificent triumphal arch, profusely decorated with laurels and evergreens, and bearing an inscription of "Welcome to Prince Albert," in silver letters on a blue ground, in a scroll border; above this were the royal arms, beautifully painted, surmounted by a splendid crown of cut flowers. The letters V. R. on each side in wreaths of cut flowers, and the whole lined with various flags and armorial bearings. At the top of the descent from College-green was a tasteful gothic arch, at the top of which was a crown, and the letters V. R. imbedded in moss. The second arch engraved was erected at the Post-office at Clifton, in an apparently more solid and substantial manner than the others, being painted to represent stone; with pilasters, the capitals of which were adorned with gold rosettes. Above the entablature was the word "Welcome," in large letters, with scroll ornaments; the whole beautifully and tastefully shaded with wreaths of laurel, ivy, shrubs, and flowers, and surmounted with large flags. Behind this very tasteful design was a large blue flag, with "Church and Queen" in white letters. At Rownham was a pretty arch, principally composed of boughs of yew, with a well-executed anchor at the top, and a large V. A. of white lilies mixed with yew. On approaching the more central part of Clifton, at the end of the Crescent, was another beautiful arch, surmounted with a gallery, in which was stationed a band of music. The arches were, unquestionably, the most classic features in the route of the procession, which, passing onward to Downy-parade, and thence to Cumberland-basin, entered Cumberland-road, and passed on to the yard of the Great Western Steam-ship Company, where it was received with hearty cheers by the people. The various objects of interest in the neighbourhood were pointed out to his Royal Highness's attention. The view of Brandon-hill appeared, however, most to attract the royal notice. On the summit of this lofty eminence was fixed a large banner, and the terrace-walk was crowded with a vast assemblage of persons: at intervals cannons were fired, which were echoed again by the opposite rising grounds, and booming over the crowd of vessels in the river beneath. The river at its foot covered with gaily-decked vessels, as if in attendance upon the great leviathan about to be launched, and the countless thousands studying the amphitheatric range of the picturesque locality, from its



THE BREAKFAST ON BOARD THE GREAT BRITAIN.

base to the apex, occupying every part that was available, presented such an appearance as may be imagined far better than described.

## THE BANQUET.

Prince Albert, having completed his inspection of the vast steamship, with the distinguished visitors and the numerous guests who had taken tickets, repaired to partake of the banquet, which was laid out in a spacious pavilion, formerly used as the smiths' room, and not on board the vessel, as before stated. The appearance of this pavilion was exceedingly elegant. The walls were hung with

air appeared to have in no wise disagreed with the Royal appetite. The band of the Life Guards, which had previously been stationed on board the vessel, and had welcomed his Royal Highness's appearance on board by playing Prince Albert's waltz, was placed during the repast in an apartment over the banquetting room, and during the morning added greatly to the effect, by their splendid music.

We have not space for the toasts and speeches, except for an extract from the reply of the Hon. E. Everett, the American minister (as reported in the *Bristol Journal*), on his health having been drunk:—

I feel it, Sir, to be a very great privilege to be permitted to partake of the hospitality of this interesting occasion. We read, in one of the most delightful poetical productions in England, of the Highland Chief who sounded his whistle, and called up a thousand men from the thickets of the Highland glens. His Royal Highness has performed greater wonders to-day—(Cheers). He has literally clothed your hill-sides and your house-tops to the very summits, and the whole surrounding country, not with a thousand, but with a hundred thousand loyal subjects (loud cheers), anxious to testify their attachment to their gracious and beloved Sovereign, through the partner of her affections—(Continued cheers). I rejoice, Sir, as the humble representative of a friendly and allied Power, in the circumstances of this great and interesting occasion. When I stepped on board that wonderful ship this morning, my eye caught at the foremast-head a sight of the flag of my country mingling its folds gracefully with yours—(cheers); and, Sir, I rejoiced that the interests of the people of the two countries, which understood, are as near to each other as their banners on that mast-head—(cheers); and I pray from my heart that their best affections may be as closely intertwined—(Renewed cheering). We read, in other Arabian tales, of the wonders of magic, of flying steeds, and palaces starting from the ground. Sir, let us leave magic to the nursery: give me the magic of the mechanical arts—(Cheers). Consider, Sir, that science has but waved her wand over the iron mine, and that beautiful structure has started up ready to launch on the waves—(Cheers). I rejoice to understand that my native shore is one of the destinations of this beautiful ship; and I can tell you, Sir, that when she enters the Narrows of New York, she will be met by thousands as hearty and cordial as those that hail her departure from this ancient city. . . . A wonder indeed it is of modern art that she will be as able to conduct her course across the Atlantic, and reach her desired haven as regularly, almost as certainly, as that mimic ship which has been performing its round before the table at which we are seated, and is now fast anchored in the presence of royalty—(Cheers).

## THE "LAUNCH."

The banquet being now over, his Royal Highness rose, and, accompanied by the chairman and the distinguished guests, proceeded to

witness the ceremony of hauling out the vessel, in representing which imposing scene our artist has been very successful. A staircase at the end of the banquetting-room led to a long gallery running parallel with the vessel, at the end of which was a crimson pavilion, in which his Royal Highness took his place, surrounded by the principal guests, a large royal standard being hoisted on the summit of the pavilion at the moment of the Prince's arrival. The vessel was decorated with the colours of all nations, and as far as the eye could reach in every direction nothing was to be seen but flags, banners, and emblems, and congregated masses of human beings. The view from the steamer, exclusive of herself, was very fine. All around rose the masts of ships, dressed out in chequered and flaunting colours. Boats and barges were crowded, and the various adjacent wharfs and quays were lined with anxious spectators: upon the terraces and overhanging banks rising from the water, and which are covered with alternate clumps of wood, detached houses, and rows of buildings, every spot which commanded a view of the proceedings below, was crowded. From the water's edge upwards rose tier above tier of spectators; the whole presenting a beautifully diversified and broken picture; in the distance of which are seen the Steam-ship Company's factory, and Brandon-hill, covered with not less than 30,000 persons.

During the banquet, the caisson having been opened, the water had been let into the dock, so that the

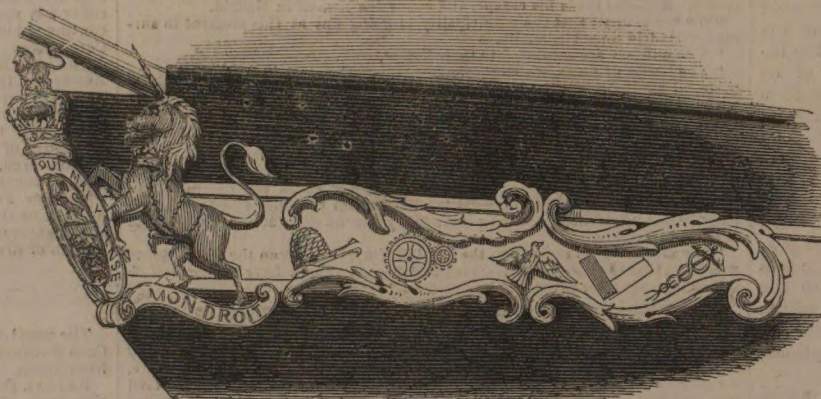


FIGURE HEAD OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.

alternate white and crimson cloth, and from the ceiling throughout the building were appended festoons of the same material. The roof was supported by ranges of white columns, which also were tastefully decorated. From different points were appended various devices and wreaths of evergreens, flowers, &c. On the tables, and at various points of the saloon, were choice exotics. At the upper end of the room was a table in the figure of a horseshoe, called the royal table, which was covered with rare and rich ornaments, as silver salvers, superb silver goblets, and splendid massive candelabra containing choice flowers. In the centre of the royal table was placed a curious piece of mechanism, showing the Great Britain in



THE GREAT BRITAIN.





TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

noble ship was now fairly afloat. A rope from her bows was made fast to the Avon, a steamer outside the dock, intended to ply between Bristol and Newport, and propelled on the same principle to which the Great Britain is adapted. On a signal given the enormous vessel moved majestically into the harbour amidst the shouts of the thousands congregated in the yard and neighbourhood. The music of the band and the salutes of cannon which were heard in every direction, added to the interest of the moment. As the immense structure of iron floated on the water, the Prince broke against the bows of the ship a bottle of wine, and pronounced as the name by which the vessel is after to be known, the words, "The Great Britain." The hawser by which the steam-ship was attached to the Avon steamer, however, broke; and the first bottle thrown by the Prince, fell ten feet short of the vessel, which, in being warped out by a larger hawser attached to her, veered towards the royal pavilion. Another bottle of champagne was handed to his Royal Highness, who threw it at the vessel; it struck her bows, and the broken glass and the wine fell upon the heads of the persons below, who were shoving against her sides, and assisting to keep her clear of the walls of the dock. This, the crowning point of the occasion, took place at a quarter past three; and shortly afterwards his Royal Highness made preparation to leave. Having entered his travelling carriage, he proceeded to the railway terminus, the route being along the Cumberland-road, over Redcliff-hill, through Phippen-street and Portwall-

lane. His return was greeted by large bodies of spectators, with their cordial cheers.

With the launch itself some disappointment was expressed by many persons. It was not that the scene was not animating or cheering—not that the vessel was not fully as stupendous and magnificent as she has been represented to be; but having been built in an excavated dry dock, the water had to be let in to her, instead of her dashing from her cradle into the river, according to the usual mode of launching, which, however, could not have been effected in the confined harbour. Nevertheless, the sight was most imposing.

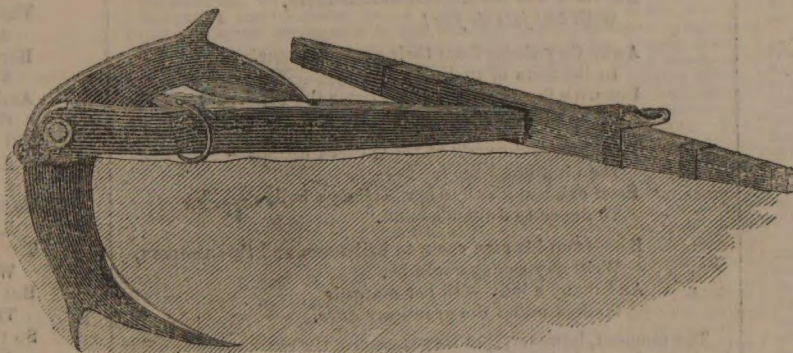
His Royal Highness left the Bristol Station on his return at seventeen minutes past four in the afternoon, arriving at the Paddington Station at three minutes before seven (the whole distance of 118½ miles having been performed in two hours and forty minutes). The Prince expressed himself warmly in approval of the attention paid to him by the directors and officers of the railway, by whose marvellous means he had been enabled in the short space of twelve hours to accomplish a journey of above 236 miles, and pass six hours of the time in Bristol.

## THE VESSEL.

Having already given a detailed description of the Great Britain and her appointments, we shall only subjoin a few additional particulars. Our first engraving illustrative of this stupendous vessel shows her figure-head, consisting of the royal arms, flanked with a bee-hive, two cog-wheels, a dove, the square, and the caduceus of Mercury, all tastefully executed in bronze on a white ground. The opposite engraving shows the anchor for the Great Britain, constructed on Porter's newly invented patent principle, which has been most satisfactorily tested in the royal navy for the last three years. Next is the stern view of the vessel, in which her beautiful proportions are advantageously shown.

The annexed details are from the *Bristol Journal*, in which this magnificent affair is very minutely chronicled. The Great Britain was on Wednesday only temporarily rigged. Her standing rigging is to be of wire, but hempen cordage was on Wednesday bent in the same manner in which the wire rigging will be rove. As is the case with all fore-and-aft rigged vessels, her tackling is very simple, presenting no top hamper, and having a look of bareness rather than complication. Our readers are aware that the Great Britain carries six masts besides her funnel, which by the way is of immense diameter, but very short; only one of the masts is a permanent erection—the second from the bowsprit. It is much thicker than are the others, and is meant to carry a square-sail and topsails. The other masts are designed to carry mainsails and gaff topsails exclusively. As they work upon a swivel on deck, they can all be struck in a gale of wind with the greatest ease, and without hampering the deck, thus leaving almost a naked hull for the wind to whistle over.

Large as the Great Britain appears from alongside, one cannot form a just idea of her vast dimensions till he gets upon deck. Then



ANCHOR.

the full proportions of the colossal steamer burst upon him. With the exception of a small fore-castle chock forward, the decks are perfectly level. There is no quarter-deck to break the fine sweep from



TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

stem to stern. Amongst the internal arrangements we may mention that the whole of the saloon, comprising upwards of 1200 yards, has been laid down with a superb Brussels carpet, expressly manufactured for the purpose by Messrs. Mogg, of Bristol. The fabric takes its name from the vessel it is calculated to ornament, and is of scarlet and royal purple, of dice pattern, the ground profusely covered with small figures.

We understand the total cost of the Great Britain will be about £95,000.

A correspondent, who witnessed this imposing spectacle, has favoured us with the following effusion:—

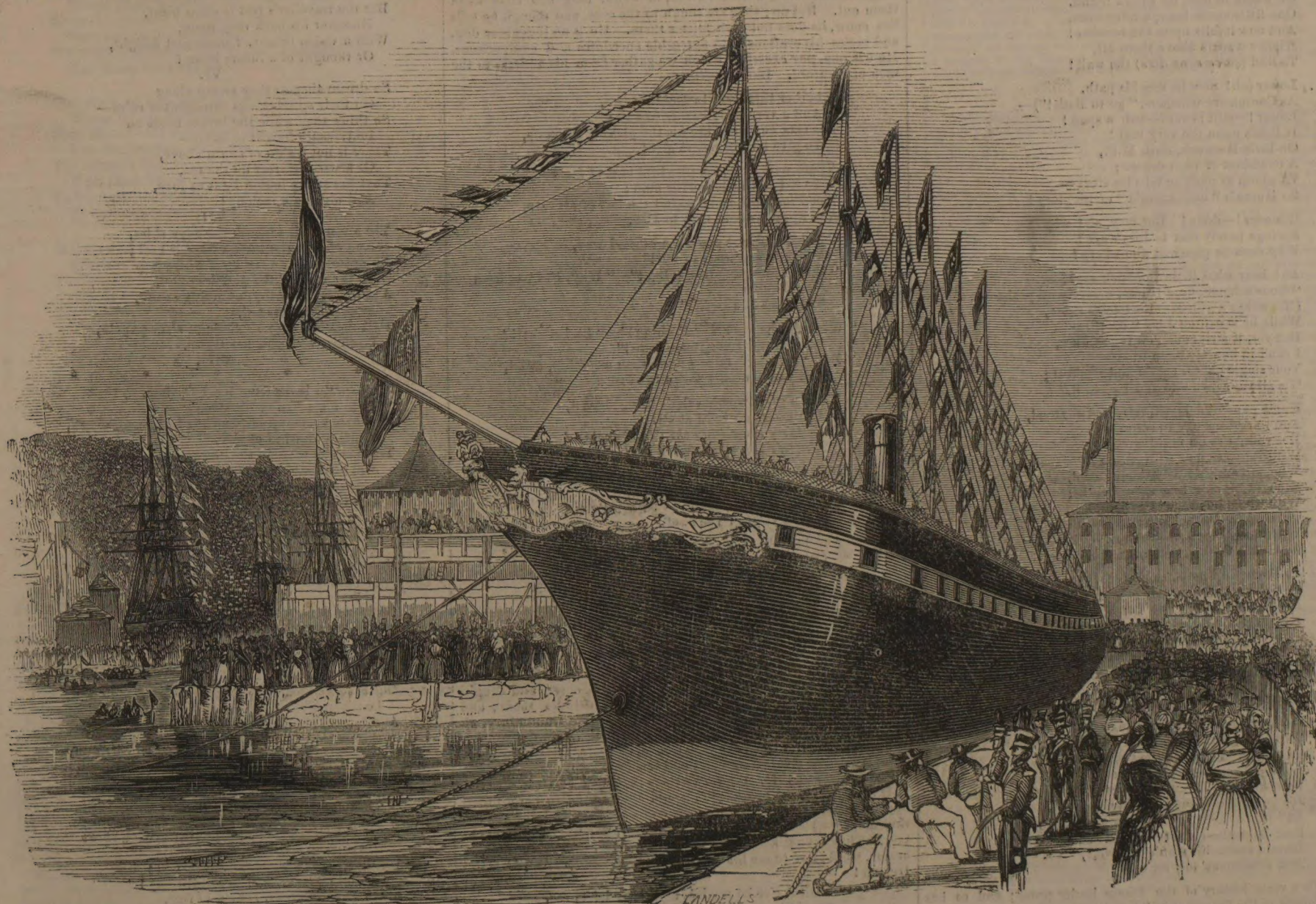
## THE QUEEN OF THE WATERS.

I'm QUEEN OF THE WATERS—the ocean-world  
Has never yet seen a sail unfurl'd  
Like mine o'er a billowy heaving breast,  
Or sea-bird that carried a prouder crest!

I'm QUEEN OF THE WATERS—the crest I bear  
Is one to Love and Liberty dear;  
ENGLAND, my cradle of Freedom, and—  
Next, the SWEET MISTRESS that rules the land!

I'm QUEEN OF THE WATERS—each wind and wave,  
Whose storm and swell I'm born to brave,  
Frown'd at my birth with wild despair,  
And said, "We shall fail in warring there!"

I'm QUEEN OF THE WATERS—though far I roam,  
Still—still I'll assert my island home!  
Island myself—GREAT BRITAIN SHE—  
A CONTINENT BOTH BY LAND AND SEA? W.



LAUNCH OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.



## RAMBLES IN THE REALMS OF CHAT.

Scanty work for the gossips—no scandal—no merry horrors—no laughter-excitement—and very little small talk of any kind. *N'importe*, we will put the gay face upon it, and have our fling at what there is.

Has any body noticed of late that there is a new and rather eminent hand distinctly and vigorously busy among the leaders of the *Times* newspaper; that there is a smart, sly, 'cute gentleman there, who, after glancing at all that is going on about him, spices his pen with sprightly and peppery devilism, and then makes it speak to the public quietly, quizzingly, sarcastically, by the oracular medium of broad columns of burgeois? There is a fresh and lively spirit in Printing House-square, and his keen sense of the foolish, the bombastic, and the absurd will administer to society doses of agreeable amusement, which will be evidently anything but infinitesimal. Now, to give the reader a touch of this boy's quality, we refer him to an article, in Wednesday's paper, upon Mr. Hume's motion of the previous evening, upon the subject of secular education; or, if our friends would prefer to see it in our own columns, they may get a sort of epitome of it in verse, in the form of a

## PARAPHRASE OF A "TIMES" LEADER.

Last night Mr. Hume,  
Who will evermore fume  
For the general good of the nation,  
Put the House in a fret,  
Hardly got over yet,  
On the question of education.

So much for exordium—and next the grave statement follows:—

For thirty years poor Joey's gladness  
Had been disordered by the sadness  
Of always thinking that the state  
The people ought to educate;  
And yet of always knowing also  
That still the state did not at all so:  
Two facts which he, in spite of thick head,  
Was sure made one fact very wicked;  
To which conclusion he had grown,  
And by a "Cocker" all his own.

Now all these thirty years, alack!  
Timidity kept Joey back!  
Concealing his consuming passion  
Until his theme became the fashion;  
No word spake Hume from wisdom's page  
Till education grew the rage—  
Till it was talked of near and far,  
From pulpit grave to gay bazaar,  
From sucking senate-house to bar!

Then of a sudden Joey rose—  
Joy in his fingers and his toes,  
Joy in his hands, his heart, his head  
(Where sense did never reign instead);  
Joy tingling in his very pence,  
And a soul rife with eloquence!

But still he wanted one to whom  
He could confide the thoughts of Hume:  
His modest nature would not own  
The glory of his scheme alone—  
Whether deem'd born of sage or calf,  
Some dear companion should have half—  
Some friendly, daring, dull M.P.  
Should share his praise or jeopardy!

Bewildered Joey gazed around,  
His glance, much puzzled, sought the ground!  
While anxious thoughts his bosom read,  
Of where to look for such a friend.  
One little space his eye retrenches,  
And now it falls upon the benches!  
Higher it soars above them all,  
To find (*ça va sans dire*) the wall!

Lower (ah! now he sees his path,  
As Conscience whispers, "go to Bath!")—  
Lower!—still lower!—half a span!  
It lights upon the very man!  
On little Roebuck, Bath M.P.,  
A confidant of high degree;  
To whom at once he tells his story—  
So Hume's "unbuzzom'd" of his glory!

'Tis over!—done! But now, ah! why  
Springs pearly tear to Joey's eye?  
Why does he pipe and almost cry?

Ah! hear what little Roebuck says:—  
"Your scheme, dear Hume, deserves all praise—  
(Tis worth a guinea—Roebuck's sneer,  
While he is calling Joey "dear")—  
But yet, it strikes me, on the minute,  
I can't in honesty be in it.  
Your single genius sign'd and seal'd it;  
'Tis all your own—to you I yield it."

Hume paused, delayed, retreated—stood,  
And nurs'd his woe in solitude;  
Determin'd to do nothing rashly,  
With Education or with Ashley,  
Who, after Joe's Roebuckian killin',  
Brought his *own* Education Bill in;  
With which but very little he did,  
Till Government's, his plan succeeded;  
When force of Opposition rattle  
Again left Joe the field of battle.

So Hume had patience half sublime,  
So did his "genius bide her time";  
All *hors de combat* now but him!  
His project bubbled to the brim.  
Tuesday, at once he rushed to name,  
For sinking thirty years of blame,  
And striking that essential blow  
We wanted thirty years ago:  
Tuesday he did name—bravo, Joe!

Tuesday arrived, Joe rose to spout!  
Thrilling his theme beyond a doubt!  
To put all dulness to the rout!  
Send ignorance to right about!  
Proclaim . . . . . but what a wicked clout  
Joe gets from Fate! Well may he pout,  
And frown, and fret, and fume, and flout!  
Poor Hume!—THE HOUSE IS COUNTED OUT!  
Britain resists his vain endeavour,  
And educations' lost for ever!

Such is a verse history of the *Times* leader prosed; and so has another night of the fragrance of "legislative wisdom" been wasted on the desert air. Hume's scheme was, of course, all nonsense; it

expressed directly its notion of teaching the rising generation morality without religion, and of making them Christians without Christianity!

Now, we suppose the members of Parliament, Lords and Commons, have sunned their sweet faces in the hospitalities of Goodwood, where kindness is ever as busy as if there were fifty "Richmonds in the field." Beautiful races—beautiful women—beautiful feasts—beautiful groupings of silver sculpture, shining proofs of the glorious progress of Art—beautiful scenery—beautiful weather—all things beautiful, indeed, meet the eye and greet the heart at Goodwood. That is your true paradise of sport, better than Epsom—better than Ascot—better than Newmarket—better than Doncaster.

So sing, what! ho!  
To Goodwood go,  
To Goodwood go we must;  
And if no rain  
Suffuse the plain,

Why then by way of a practical lark,  
We'll take our friend, Lord Waterpark,  
And he shall lay the dust!

Talking of park-watering and road-watering, have any of our readers seen the road-sweep, the patent cart-scavenger—the waggon that takes up the mud as its travels, and fills itself as it goes along? By-and-by we shall have everything done without human aid; and we shall not be surprised to find mankind, at some general convocation of the human race, passing a voluntary act of exile from the world, upon the rational ground that everything that is to be done in it can be done without them! There will not be the slightest occasion for any human race at all! But of the street-cart: was it Duncombe or Bulwer who said that its proprietors could have no license to sweep the streets with it, because they could never carry a cart-*blanche*?

Since we last chatted with our readers the Queen has given a ball, and the *Court Circular* furnishes a grand description of all the arrangements.

There was Faraday's light-lustre bright  
As the eyes of a royal babe,  
And shrubs and flowers bloomed fair, by the powers,  
In the tent of Tippoo Saib.

Exotics rare flung scent on the air  
As they bloomed in their foreign glory;  
They'd a fragrant twig to the nose of a *Whig*,  
Tho' from a Conservatory!

A cool *jet d'eau* where rare flowers blow  
Is a pleasantish thing to view;  
But there was the Argand burner there,  
With 500 *jets de feu*!

Away they shone from their gorgeous zone,  
In the form of an Eastern sun;  
But with far more splendour (over the bender!\*)  
When all was said and done!

Two thousand guests at the Queen's behests—  
The pink of all the land—  
Soon came at a call to her Majesty's ball,  
To dance to Jullien's band.

Each from his *own* room to ball-room and throne-room,  
Went gay as gay could be,  
And many a lady with her *marquis*  
Walked under the grand *marquee*.

The moment, however, that we get among the company, the affair begins to bang description, and the muse is dazzled in the eyes. We turn to homely prose again, and refer back to the *Court Circular*.

O'Connell is still going the pace in Ireland; there is no rest for the pilgrim of repeal; and if he had not a tongue of adamant, and lungs of something a little harder, he would long ago have worn them out. But no; they are tough to the core, and though he tells lies enow, he does not even blister them. He is an ingenious dog, and varies his orations with agreeable anecdotes and comparisons. Here is one, *par exemple*, which we gather from his address to the men of Wexford. *Dan loquitur*:—

A barber there was in Dublin town,  
And a very good barber was he;  
His ears he would use for the picking up news,  
To give his customers glee!

There were always a plentiful host of fools  
To list to this lathering man;  
The *Times* thinks he wasn't the last of his race,  
And appeals about that to Dan.

Cried barber one day, in a hurried way,  
"I've lots of news to tell!"  
"What news, we are craving?"—"Why, I'm just from  
shaving  
The valet of a swell!"

"What did he say?"—"Nothing!"—"Eh?—what!"  
"Nothing! I tell you—there!"  
But "nothing" means more than anything, mind,  
And that's what I mean to swear!

When a great man's valet's being shaved,  
And utters no word at all,  
*Isn't there something then in the wind?*  
*Mustn't there be—that's all!*

Now Wellington nothing says, do you note,  
And Peel is silent as well;  
To speak they are loath, so I liken them both  
To the valet of the swell.

And because they are mute with their ways so 'cute  
(Divil their manners mind),  
I s'pose we'll know "before long ago"  
That they've something in the wind!

*I'll tell ye what's in the wind, my boys,  
For fine old Ireland's weal;  
Then this is what's in the wind, my boys,  
Repeal! Repeal! Repeal!*

And so the cunning old serpent makes them cheer, and laugh, and shout; and plays with, and tickles, and deludes them; and prates to them of peace and bloodshed, of war and tranquillity, all in the same breath; or sometimes he has a flash of sentimentality, and makes them blubber for the love of their lovely Liberator. Here is a bit of the fusian measured out to Galway:—  
"He only asked for their exertions in behalf of their country. If it came to a fight to-morrow, would they not give her all their blood, should she require it? (The company rose and cheered enthusiastically.) That enthusiasm, however, was not to be momentary. They should keep it up; and if they did, he, like the Roman orator, would live to see his country free. (Cheers.) Oh, Ireland! Ireland!"

"Shall it e'er be my lot, my victor lot to see,  
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?"

\* Bender we presume to be some court definition of the *grand salon*.

That glance of bliss is all I crave  
Between my labours and my grave."

(Loud continued cheering.)

Pretty pleasant rubbish—but let it go. We suppose the time will come when

"The world shall hear the end on't."

What could have put Cobden up to a pilgrimage to Mark-lane—to a voluntary seeking out of the lions' den—to a collision with injured cornbins and revengeful wheat? He must be a daring sprig of his craft, to tempt adventure thus. Certain it is, however, that he did go—but was not discovered until in the act of egress from the market he has so laboriously sought to level. He got, however, sufficiently well pelted with indignant grain to entitle us to some very floury eloquence in his next oration. If he had not departed when he did, they say they would have given him the sack.

The ironmasters have been calling upon Peel, wishing him to play old gooseberry with his own currency, and to give them some small notes. The Premier, however, was obdurate, and his obduracy has furnished data for an epigram:—

For the Minister prime—they've a hate sublime,  
Oh they love him not a bit;  
But they only feel that an Iron Peel  
Is worse than an Iron Pitt!

And now, most tolerant of readers, our Chat is over. *Vale*.

## THE WRECK OF THE PEGASUS.

BY F. W. N. BAXLEY.

I.

The vessel stood from a stately port,  
On her far wide way to sea,  
When the eventide was fair and bright,  
With the sunset on her lee;  
The waves light roll'd, in its streaky gold,  
And danced to its gorgeous gleam,  
As the ship on sped, with its swift wings spread  
By the giant arm of steam!

II.

The vessel flew the bright spray thro',  
With its freight of human life—  
Father and friend—for their journey's end—  
Bride, mother, sister, wife!  
And joys and sorrows were cargoes there,  
That with every bound and start,  
Woke smiles or tears—like the hopes and fears  
That are stirred in the human heart.

III.

The evening grew to its calm sweet close,  
And the sunlight on the sea  
Kept dying away as the twilight gray  
Stole over it placidly;  
And drop by drop the gold fell off  
From every shining wave,  
Till the tired sun his race had run  
And the sea became his grave.

IV.

To the waters pale the murmuring gale  
Kept singing its vesper song,  
Till a foggy haze obscured the gaze  
With a veil more thin than strong!  
But the flimsy mantle grew with night  
Till it chilled the ocean air;  
So the young and old forsook the cold,  
And went to their cabin-prayer!

V.

The deck was clear'd, and all below  
Rock'd fast in their ocean sleep,  
With none but the weary crew above  
To watch them o'er the deep!  
But the traveller's rest is often blest,  
However his bark may roam,  
With a vision bright of some past delight,  
Or thought of a future home!

VI.

So dream they as they sweep along  
On their speed-wings through the calm—  
So think they while the breeze holds on  
Its treasure freight of balm—  
There is not a sign of storm above,  
Or a wreck-threat on the sea,  
That has still a bosom light as love,  
And murmurs melody!

VII.

The steamer flies 'neath the hazy skies,  
And cleaves the wave with her keel;  
No noise—save as her hard wings flap  
To the rush of the paddle-wheel.  
A stunning, whirring, numbing sound,  
As of a torrent's fall,  
That makes slumber's chain as strong again,  
To those who own her thrall.

VIII.

The captain looks from his lofty box,  
With a seaman at his side;  
The mate keeps watch, and the helmsman steers,  
Fearless of wind or tide.  
There is one man on the dreary deck,  
And one man at the bow;  
But no other wight stirs there to-night  
From the broad stern to the prow!

IX.

Now Heaven doth send no thunder-storm,  
The lightning sweep no flash;  
But the thoughtless crew in that calm midnight,  
Are startled by . . . . . a crash!

One word below, and the engine turns,  
And the vessel clears the rock;  
And the smiling sleepers in their beds  
Have hardly heard the shock!

X.

But the engineer, with a heart of fear,  
Looks tremblingly ahead,  
And he sees the great wave stealing in  
With a slow but certain tread!  
And his heart is beating quick and mad,  
With a fierce tumultuous thrill;  
God's voice seems ringing in his ears,  
As he knows the ship *WILL* fill!

XI.

For the shore—the shore—the harbouring shore  
The captain steers his way;  
But he does not wake the sleepers yet  
On the verge of their judgment day!  
A few pale watchers, roused in fear,  
Have scrambled upon deck;  
But the rest may die, as they dreaming lie  
In the wild arms of the wreck!



## XII.

No signal-rockets rend the air,  
With swift and showery light;  
No cannon booms its dull despair  
To wake the slumbering night.  
On the near, near shore they do not know  
Of the want upon the wave;  
And where one hundred hearts would glow,  
Stirs not one limb to save!

## XIII.

The labouring vessel works and groans  
Amid the dismal surge,  
That still keeps foaming, as she fills—  
The steamer must submerge  
With all her living freight beneath  
The everlasting sea!  
Another plunger in the depths  
Of dark eternity!

## XIV.

Lower and lower, fast she sinks  
Upon her downward way,  
While trembling spirits on her deck  
Are kneeling there to pray!  
God's preacher stands among them all  
With awe-inspiring voice,  
And in its last hope, bids the soul,  
And in its best, rejoice!

## XV.

Ah! mark the agonizing woe—  
The fearful spirits shrink!  
The brave ones, with their faint sweet smiles,  
As down to death they sink!  
The sinful quiver; and the good  
Cling hopefully to life,  
With all of the heart's trustfulness,  
And nothing of its strife!

## XVI.

The bark is down! There is no sign,  
Save mast-tops on the sea,  
To tell it stem'd the sunny wave,  
One time, with buoyant glee!  
How—like a child, o'er churchyard flow'rs  
That skips—when on the wave  
It danc'd upon the very thing  
That shines above its grave!

## XVII.

The bark is down! but up there rush  
Fair living bodies still,  
To struggle with the whelming wave,  
To dare its mocking will!  
Vain! vain! their strong wild agony—  
Mad shrieks to surges cast—  
The mighty sea has shrouds for all—  
All! all! are drown'd at last!

## XVIII.

All, save six feeble strugglers, whom  
God saved to tell the tale—  
"A coffin'd ship without a storm!  
A wreck without a sail!"  
Six creatures—mourning 'scapers from  
The desolation spread—  
Six living memories come to give  
Us records of the dead!

## XIX.

Who left us?—Many of the good,  
The beautiful—the young!  
Fresh registered, Hope says, in Heav'n,  
Where angel harps are strung!  
So be't!—'tis holy bliss to know  
Their strains are all of love—  
We pause o'er one "poor player" who now  
May tread the stage above!

## XX.

God cares for him, but we for those  
Whom he has left behind.  
Poor Elton!—all who knew him, knew  
Him honest, just, and kind.  
The widow's friend—the orphan's trust,  
With these his soul had grown  
To kindred—he is dead—but leaves  
SEVEN fatherless and lone!

## XXI.

Make we them kindred—pour we out  
Affection's gentler love,  
To bless the little crew below  
Whose Captain's gone above!  
Let us not see them wrecked, altho'  
Their father found a grave  
In ocean—let the world not whelm  
His younglings in its wave!

## XXII.

A memory for the perish'd ship!  
A love-thought for the drown'd!  
A prayer to God for all who sunk  
Into the sea—profound!  
And in the great bark of the world  
May those who stride the deck,  
Be ever warn'd of such a fate,  
And armed for such a wreck!

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL CHIT CHAT.

**LISZT.**—This great pianist is at present at Nonnenworth, near Bonn, busily employed in the composition of an opera.

**THALBERG.**—This rival (in some persons' opinions) of the preceding wonder, was married last Saturday, at St. James's church, to Madame Buchand, a daughter of Lablache. Thalberg was born at Geneva in 1812, and took his name from Baron Thalberg, one of the inferior titles of his father, Prince Dietrichstein.

**DUPREZ.**—We regret to find there is little chance of hearing this celebrated tenor in London this season.

**DONIZETTI.**—This 1000-horse power composer has arrived in Paris, to superintend the production of his new opera, "Don Sebastian."

**DISTINGUISHED DEPARTURES.**—On Saturday last (per Wilberforce, for Antwerp), Spohr and Staudigl. The reception of the former, during his short stay amongst us, has not been, owing to some latent cause or other, of the most hearty kind; and as to the latter, the unrivalled Staudigl, we fear that his generosity outstripped his prudence, for on every occasion he was ready to assist his musical brethren gratuitously. This is not the way in which some, with a tithes of his talent, have amassed fortunes.

**M. AUVER.**—The immortal composer of "Massaniello," "Gustave," "cum nullis aliis," has nearly completed a new opera. No doubt it will be "another sunbeam from Apollo's brow!"

**LA SIGNORA ANNA BISCHOP.**—This cantatrice has recently appeared at the San Carlos, Naples, in Pacini's opera, "La Fidanza Corsica," and met with a most brilliant reception.

## STATE OF SOUTH WALES.

It will be remembered that the riots which have continued for so long a time to alarm the inhabitants of South Wales, and, in fact, the entire kingdom, by exploits which have been known as the achievements of "Rebecca and her Daughters," originated, in the first place, in the rural districts in the neighbourhood of St. Clears, in Carmarthenshire, and Narberth, in Pembrokeshire. They then gradually extended themselves to Cardigan, Lampeter, Newcastle, Carmarthen, Llandovery, and Kidwelly, and finally they reached the coal districts near Pontyberem, where, on Friday night, a scene was perpetrated that has seldom been equalled in any country not considered in a state of open rebellion. A troop of the 4th Light Dragoons, stationed at Carmarthen, were led out by Colonel Trevor, the Vice-Lieutenant of the county of Carmarthen, who, in consequence of information received by him of an intended Rebeccaite meeting, deemed it advisable to be present to check any tendency to outrage that might evince itself, and who, accordingly, with Colonel Love, the commandant of the district, and Major Parbly, left Carmarthen about half-past five o'clock in the evening, proceeded through Porthyrhyd and Llandarog, nearly to Llanon, and returned to Carmarthen, through Pontyberem and Llangendine. During the whole line of march, not the slightest indication was manifested of a disposition to break the peace, although it was evident that the whole country, so far from being disorganised, was in an extremely well organised condition for mischief. Before the Dragoons had got two miles from Carmarthen a shot was fired from a high hill by the road side, known as Cystanog Wood Hill, which was immediately answered from other hills, and which proved that a system of signals was successfully established throughout the whole country. The Dragoons, after their thirty miles' ride, came back to Carmarthen, literally as wise as they went. The following morning, however, the news reached Carmarthen, that within an hour after they had passed through Bethanie gate, situated near the Tumble, on the Llanon road, the Rebeccaites were assembled by the firing of rockets, to the number of about 1000, and they instantly proceeded to break the gate into pieces, which they accomplished in a very short time. During the progress of their work they testified the fulness of their triumph by beating drums, firing guns, blowing horns, &c. They were not disguised as heretofore in women's clothes, but being principally colliers, and their faces being already blackened, they needed no further disguise than their occupation had already endowed them with. Bonfires were lighted on all the adjacent hills, and after destroying two other toll-bars on a by-road, they disappeared in the same mysterious manner as they had appeared.

This affair, of course, being more daring than hitherto, created great alarm in the entire neighbourhood; but that alarm has been increased by the incidents which are given below.

Some short time since the Bolgoed toll-bar, near Swansea, had been broken down, and rewards had been offered by the magistrates of Glamorganshire for the apprehension and conviction of the offenders.

On Sunday morning last, a man named Jones, of Cefn-bythyn, went to Swansea, and gave information to the Mayor, Dr. Bird, and the other magistrates, that he was himself at the destruction of Bolgoed bar, and would inform against forty others. Their names having been taken, it was found that most of them were highly respectable farmers residing near Pontyduais and Llangavallach. Warrants were then granted; and at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, Captain Napier, superintendent of the county police (late of the Rifles), with Inspector Rees and two other policemen, left Swansea and proceeded to the hills, where they succeeded in capturing two persons quietly, and brought them into Swansea; they then apprehended a third prisoner, whom they left in the charge of the two policemen, while Captain Napier and Rees went into the house of a farmer named Morgan to arrest the son. They had not been gone into the house a minute before the farmer's wife, Mrs. Morgan, threw a saucepan of boiling water over the Captain, which scalded his shoulder, and then attacked him with the saucepan, with which she beat him about the head, and the son, John Morgan, a very powerful young man, having seized a sickle, also attacked Captain Napier with it, and wounded him on the head; a desperate struggle ensued, and Captain Napier drew one of his pistols, which, however, fortunately was not cocked, the hammer being down, for Morgan immediately grasped his wrist, and, turning the muzzle of the pistol to Captain Napier's breast, pulled the trigger, but without effect. Finding his life in danger, Captain Napier immediately drew his other pistol and fired, and shot John Morgan, the ball entering the abdomen. The man, however, having recoiled a few paces and felt the wound, immediately renewed the struggle with increased desperation, but the noise of the pistol having alarmed the policemen outside, they rushed into the house, where they found Captain Napier covered with blood, and succeeded in rescuing him and securing the prisoner, who was brought into Swansea and conveyed to the infirmary in the gaol, where he was examined by Dr. Bird, who found that the ball had entered just above the groin, glanced upwards, striking the upper edge of the ilium, and lodged itself in the back between the second and third rib, from which place Dr. Bird succeeded in extracting it.

On Sunday, in the middle of the day, the police, accompanied by the mayor and two other magistrates, and 31 men of the grenadier company of the 75th Regiment of Foot, again proceeded to Llangavallach and apprehended Mrs. Morgan, the farmer's wife, and her daughter, and in the course of the evening apprehended Mr. Vaughan, the postmaster and innkeeper, of Pontyduais.

During Monday the town of Swansea was in a state of excitement, crowds of people filling the streets, particularly opposite the station-house, where the prisoners were confined, and which was guarded by the 75th Foot, and almost an entire stop being put to business.

The following prisoners held by this time been brought in, viz.:—  
Griffith Vaughan, postmaster and innkeeper of Pontyduais.  
William Morgan, of Bolgoed, farmer.  
David Jones, son of a respectable freeholder.  
Daniel Lewis, a weaver.  
John Morgan, a farmer and freeholder.  
Matthew Morgan, his son.  
Rees Morgan, his son.  
John Morgan, his son, the man who has been shot.  
Esther Morgan, the mother, and  
Margaret Morgan, her daughter.  
At nine o'clock a meeting of the magistrates was held at the Town-hall, Sir John Morris in the chair; and the prisoners below brought down, the reporters for the public press applied for admission, but were told that no one could be admitted till the final hearing.  
The magistrates sat in deliberation the whole day, and at the close the prisoners were remanded.

## METROPOLITAN NEWS.

**THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE THAMES TUNNEL.**—On Wednesday, after a lapse of nearly two centuries, Wapping, famed in song, and where the merry Monarch, Charles II., was accustomed to carry on his frolics, was once more visited by the Sovereign of Great Britain; and the day will be long remembered by the east-enders, who, as far as the short notice allowed, testified their loyalty in a manner which must have been very gratifying to her Majesty and her royal consort. It was not generally made known until the middle of the day that the Queen and Prince Albert intended to pay a visit to the Thames Tunnel; and in an incredibly short space of time Wapping High street presented a very gay appearance, and flags were hoisted from nearly every house, and people were seen making their way from all quarters to the shaft on the Middlesex side of the river, where the royal standard was hoisted. The inhabitants of Rotherhithe testified their loyalty in a similar manner; the bells of the old church struck up a merry peal, and the standard was displayed from the upper part of the steeple. At one o'clock the tunnel was closed against the public; but those who were in it, and among whom were a great number of the nobility and elegantly dressed ladies who had been invited by the directors, were allowed to remain. The Tunnel Pier, on which it was announced that her Majesty and the Prince would land, was covered with crimson cloth, and a temporary ladder was fixed on the outer barge for her Majesty and suite to ascend. The whole of the Thames police were mustered in their galleys upon the river, under the command of Mr. Evans, the superintendent, to prevent the multitude of boats from pressing too close upon the royal barge. At half-past three o'clock the firing of guns and the advance of more than 100 small boats announced the approach of the royal barge, which was accompanied by the Admiralty and Navy barges. Precisely at twenty-five minutes before four o'clock, her Majesty, Prince Albert, and their suite, landed on the Tunnel Pier, where the company was more numerous than select. Her Majesty and the Prince looked remarkably well. Three hearty cheers were given, which the Queen gratefully acknowledged. The royal visitors were received by Mr. Hawes, M.P., the chairman of the Thames Tunnel Company, and the directors; Mr. Charlier, the secretary; and Mr. Page, the acting engineer of the works. Her Majesty proceeded at once down the shaft into the tunnel, and entered the western arch, where the cheers were renewed by the company assembled. Mr. Young, the superintendent of police, and the inspectors, preceded the Queen, and Mr. Page walked by her side, and explained to her Majesty the nature of the works and various particulars connected with this great national undertaking, to which her Majesty and royal consort paid much attention. In the middle of the tunnel one of the stall-keepers displayed his loyalty in a peculiar manner. All the sick handkerchiefs disposed on his stall for sale were removed and placed on the ground for her Majesty to pass over, and they presented the appearance of a rich carpet. Her Majesty proceeded as far as the shaft on the Rotherhithe side, but did not ascend it. The heat was very great, and both the Queen and Prince appeared anxious to return, which they did through the same arch. Upon ascending the shaft they were again cheered, and had got about half way up when the people below commenced the national anthem, "God save the Queen," which was sung in a very creditable manner, more than 600 persons joining in the chorus. Their voices reverberated along the tunnel and up the shaft, and had a most extraordinary effect. Her Majesty and Prince Albert remained on the staircase listening to the strain, and after bowing to the people below, left the place. On reaching the Tunnel Pier her Majesty was saluted by fifty coat-porters, in the employ of Irving and Brown, the coal merchants, with their faces as black as the coals. They raised the royal tail hats and set up a most tremendous cheer: Her Majesty turned round, smiled, and bowed. "God bless you, men!" roared one of the coals, with stentorian lungs, "I hope

you'll come to Wapping again." The rough manners of this honest fellow, who threw his fan-tail hat into the air, elicited great amusement to her Majesty and Prince Albert, who immediately re-embarked on board the royal barge, amidst deafening cheers from the people both on land and water. The aquatic procession was a very splendid one. The Queen's watermen and the Admiralty bargemen were dressed in their scarlet liveries, and an immense number of boats of every description accompanied the state barges. On Halesdown, in consequence of the great number of craft moving about the royal barge, it got thwarted a steamer. It was soon extricated from the difficulty, and proceeded to Whitehall without further interruption. Her Majesty landed before five o'clock, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace amidst the loudest demonstrations on the part of her faithful subjects. Before leaving the tunnel a handsome gold medal was presented to her Majesty by Mr. Griffin, the metallist. It represents the Thames Tunnel on the reverse side, and on the obverse a portrait of Sir Isambard Brunel the engineer, who, by-the-by, was prevented from attending by indisposition. The Queen was graciously pleased to accept of the medal, the execution of which is highly creditable to the designer.

**CONTEMPLATED LEGAL PROMOTIONS.**—There is a very general expectation that the Lord Chancellor will, before the commencement of Michaelmas Term, recommend the creation of additional silk gowns in the Courts of Equity. Many circumstances concur to render this conjecture probable. The death of Mr. Sutton Sharpe, and of Mr. Griffith Richards, the retirement of Mr. Girdlestone, and, above all, the expected withdrawal of Mr. Pemberton Leigh from all forensic practice at the close of the present sittings, leave little room to doubt that some promotions will take place. Various candidates are named; but the following, we believe, are the favourites, viz.:—Mr. Romilly, Mr. James Parker, Mr. Wilcock, Mr. Lee, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Bacon.

**THE LATE MR. W. ELTON.**—We are gratified at perceiving that a committee has been formed for the purpose of arranging a benefit for the seven fatherless and motherless children of Mr. W. Elton, late of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, a sufferer in the fatal wreck of the *Pegasus*. The performances will be announced as soon as possible, and in the meantime offers of professional service on the occasion will be gratefully received, as well as subscriptions in money, by Mr. Charles Dickens, who is chairman of the committee, at No. 1, Devonshire-terrace, New-road.

**REVIEW AT HYDE PARK.**—It was intended that an inspection of the Fusilier Guards should take place at Hyde Park on Thursday last, if the weather on that day should prove favourable. The completion of the intention was, on account of the wetness of the day, impracticable. We understand that a review, on a rather extensive scale, is to take place the eighth of next month.

**ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY.**—Another promenade took place on Wednesday at these delightful gardens, when the bands of the Blues and 2nd Life Guards attended, and performed an excellent selection of music, including the new "Railway Gallopade," which has excited so much amusement, and we may add, admiration. The Blues' band, *en revanche*, played Strauss's "Bonquet" in excellent style. The gardens were thronged throughout the day by numerous parties of rank and distinction.

**POST-OFFICE NOTICES.**—The Indian Mails.—The following notice was issued on Wednesday at the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand:—"The next mails for Malta, Greece, the Ionian Islands, Egypt, and India, will be made up on Monday, the 31st instant, to be forwarded by the Lady Mary Wood steamer, *via* Falmouth. The overland closed mail to Malta, Egypt and India, *via* Marseilles, will be made up on the 4th of August. Madeira, Brazil, and Buenos Ayres.—The next mail will be made up on Tuesday, the 1st of August, to be forwarded by her Majesty's brig *Swift*. The West Indies.—The next mails for the West Indies, Madeira, Venezuela, Mexico, Honduras, Havana, Bahamas, Charles, New Grenada, &c., will be made up on the 1st of August, to be forwarded by the Clyde steamer. British North America, Bermuda, United States, &c.—The next mail will be made up on the 3rd of August, to be forwarded by the Britannia steamer, *via* Liverpool."

**ARRIVAL OF ONE OF THE PRISONERS FROM CABOOL.**—Amongst the passengers landed from the ship *Windsor*, which arrived on the 22nd instant from Calcutta, with a detachment of the 49th Regiment, are Mrs. Eyre and son, the wife of Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery, and late Commissary of Ordnance at Cabool, whose able narrative of the events which occurred there, and of the disasters which befel our ill-fated army, has made so much noise in the world. This is the first arrival in England of those ladies, who displayed such heroic conduct under the unpitied hardships, privations, and terrific scenes which they witnessed during a siege and captivity which lasted for eleven months, and from which they may be said to have only escaped by the special interference of a merciful Providence.

**RAILWAY PLEASURE EXCURSIONS.**—On Monday a special train arrived from Aylesbury, containing a large number of persons who had availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the directors of the London and Birmingham Railway of visiting the metropolis at half the ordinary fares. Another excursion, being the third for the season, was made by the South Western Railway to Southampton and the Isle of Wight; and a series of excursions were also commenced on the Canterbury and Whitstable Railway, so as to enable the inhabitants to reciprocate visits and see the marine towns along the line.

**EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF CONTRABAND TOBACCO.**—On Saturday night last a seizure upwards of two tons of smuggled tobacco was made in the house of a baker in Limehouse. It appears that Inspector Fogg, of the Thames Police, had received information that a man, well known along shore, and who has since absconded, was carrying on an extensive contraband trade in tobacco and cigars, and he proceeded to a house in the lower part of Limehouse, where the business of a baker is carried on by a female, and on searching a loft on the premises, he found concealed 79 boxes of compressed leaf tobacco, each weighing 50 lbs., and a few smaller boxes. The whole of the tobacco was seized by Mr. Fogg and his men, and removed in a waggon to the Thames Police station, in Wapping, and on Monday the whole of it was taken to the Queen's warehouse.

## THE WAR IN SPAIN.

In the subjoined letter, which we have received from our Paris correspondent, will be found a succinct narrative of the eventful proceedings of the antagonistic armies in Spain during the previous week, which we have interspersed with a number of engravings, illustrative of the costumes of this most Christian but most uncivilized and never-to-be-quietized people. These sketches are from the pencil of one who, from a long residence in Spain, had an opportunity of becoming familiar with their habits and character, and who is now preparing for this paper a series of subjects, which, in the present state of that country, cannot fail to be of the utmost interest to our readers. The latest intelligence from Spain will be found in another part of our paper.

**PARTS, July 25.**—Were I to forward you only the Spanish news published by the French Government on the one hand, and the partisans of *Espartaco* on the other, it would be difficult to gather anything like correct information, or to estimate justly the real state of affairs in that unhappy country. Relying on my private resources, I will lay before you such a statement as will place in a clear light all that is now passing on the other side of the Pyrenees. There is little doubt that *Espartaco* is in a most critical position, and were his fate to depend solely on military operations I should say his cause was more than desperate; but the Regent has yet a chance, and with truth may it be said, his opponents are his best friends. You will find, on referring to my previous correspondence, that I foretold that, ere long, dissensions would arise between the Christians and ultra-Liberals. My anticipations have been realized, and at the present moment the insurrectionary camp is in the greatest disorder. The ultra-Liberals complain that the Christians monopolise all the principal offices; the Christians pretend that the ultra-Liberals are using them as mere instruments, and that in all probability they would after the struggle be driven into exile. There is truth on the one side or the other; for of this be assured, that should *Espartaco* be obliged to fly, it is morally impossible for the country to remain in peace for six months. On reading attentively the following declaration of the ultra-Liberal Junta of Barcelona, published in consequence of the nominations of General Pastor as Governor of Lerida, and General Tacón, Captain-General of the Balearic Islands, &c., it will be seen that my opinion is well founded:

"Barcelona, July 18, 1843.

"The Supreme Provisional Junta of Barcelona has thought it its duty, in a despatch dated the 16th of July, to inform the Provisional Government that the people who accepted the programme of the Lopez Ministry see with great affliction the Provisional Government confine to new and inexperienced men the most important positions. The manifest prejudice in favour of those persons who quitted a foreign country to take advantage of a state of affairs they had no hand in creating, irritates the nation, and may be the means of its forgetting the spirit of toleration and brotherly affection with which it opened its arms to receive them.

"*Espartaco*, raised to power because it was believed that he was virtuous and possessed Spanish sentiments, was hurled from his post the instant that it was seen that he sacrificed the interest of the nation to that of a *colerie*.

"Several adventurers and traffickers in political revolutions have been placed in situations they were not only incapable of filling, but whose unpopularity rendered them unworthy. The rapid promotions have also been much disapproved of.

"The Supreme Junta with regret make this known to the Provisional Government; but it was impossible it could longer remain silent, and in so doing it is only expressing the sentiments of the majority of the population."

I need not say that the men here alluded to are the partisans of Christina. The same day appeared in the *El Constitucional* an article from which I extract the following paragraph:—

"We desire as much as any one the union of all good men, of all political opinions, but at the same time we know that the *fundada* (Christinos) authors of the many persecutions directed against the ultra-Liberals—who took no part in the *pronunciamiento*, and who so badly executed the orders of the Supreme Junta of this province—how can they be expected to become masters of our present situation? The answer to this article was an order from the Provisional Government to suspend the publication of the journal, and to expel M. Gall, the editor, from Spain.





ANDALUSIANS.

same general whom the telegraph informed us had been abandoned by his army, was advancing, quitted his position, and retired in the direction of Aranjuez, at the head of two battalions of infantry and 400 cavalry. General Urbina, with the garrison of Badajoz, also retired. And whence has arisen this sudden change in the military tactics of the insurgent generals? The approach towards Madrid of Generals Seoane and Zurbarán! Surely, taking the French telegraph as giving correct information, those generals ought to have few, if any, troops, for we have over and over again been told that their battalions have gone over to the insurgents. The last telegraphic despatch, dated Perpignan, the 24th, mentions that a squadron of Zurbarán's cavalry had joined General Serrano. However, Seoane and Zurbarán have advanced, and are on the banks of the Guadalquivir. Narváez and Aspiroz, supported by Serrano and the Catalonians, Bayona and the army of Castile—the Basque troops—the garrison of Badajoz, and several insurgent divisions, are determined on attacking them. Let us wait the result: it ought to be decisive.

There is one thing that must surprise every one, and that is that notwithstanding the immense desertion of the army and navy, and, according to French news, the general voice of the people, Espartero is enabled to stand his ground, and no one durst attack him! Is he surrounded by some magic power that Narváez carefully avoided him, and preferred threatening to deluge with blood the residence of his sovereign? Surely there is here some mystery which time only can unravel. The Espar-

The Insurrectionary Junta of Grenada refused to receive the Christino General Concha, who entered the city by force, but was obliged soon to retire. It will be amusing and very instructive here to give you the opinion of the *Journal des Débats* on the subject, and bear in recollection that this journal receives its daily instructions from the Tuileries:—"We doubt not that the sedition," says M. Berlin de Veaux the editor of the *Débats* "of Grenada will soon be calmed, and that hitherto, returning to sentiments more reasonable, will receive with honour in a few days a distinguished chief of whose services the insurrection of Andalusia has the greatest need to defend it against Van Halen, Carondelet, and Espartero." Thus we find the organ of the French Government openly supporting the Christino chief, and calling those who refuse to receive him—sedition! Now, who is the General Concha the protégé of the *Journal des Débats*? The same who last year was condemned to death in Madrid for endeavouring to carry off the Queen.

Even the ultra-Liberals seem to be quarrelling amongst themselves, for I am most positively assured that Lopez, Caballero, Ayllon, and Frias have nominated themselves into a provisional government, holding their sittings at Valladolid, and refusing to transport themselves to Catalonia. So that we have two provisional governments—the one headed by the Universal Minister, Serrano, in Catalonia, and the other in Old Castile. Can such a state of things last? Impossible! Am I not justified in saying that the insurgents are destroying their own cause?

Now let us examine the military operations. It will be useless to say much of the marches and countermarches of the belligerent armies; take their present position. On the 14th Madrid was surrounded by the insurgents, and had faith been placed in the telegraphic despatches, its fall might have been daily expected. Narváez, who, as we are told, is at the head of fourteen battalions of infantry, ten squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries, took up his quarters, on the 14th, at Alcalá, and advanced to the gates of Madrid the same afternoon. On the 15th he forwarded the following despatch to General Evaristo San Miguel:—

"Most excellent Sir,—Your Excellency received this morning a communication from me, and yet this evening I have no answer, although my thoughts and my words were conciliatory. I again address your Excellency, but it is to declare to you that, if within four hours after its reception free entry into the capital is not afforded to me, I will occupy it by force, without caring for the blood that may be shed; for, in a struggle which I have not provoked, more the blood of villains and traitors shall flow, more will it be profitable and salutary to the prosperity of our country; and I shall not be sorry that Providence has chosen me as the instrument of its justice and the justice of man."

"Fuencarral, July 15, 1843."

I will only say of this sanguinary despatch, that its author ought to be driven from society. But did Narváez carry his threat of entering after four hours into Madrid? No. Rolando Furioso retired on Torrejón. The 16th, the National Militia actually attacked the besiegers, who endeavoured to get possession of the houses situated near to the Retiro, and drove them away. Narváez dared not advance! The 17th, several shots were exchanged, and the militia were permitted, without being interrupted by Narváez, to erect a battery at the gate of Santa Barbara; the 18th and 19th Narváez remained at Torrejón; on the 20th retired, and on that day Madrid was no longer in a state of blockade. The same day the militia took possession of all the places previously occupied by the besiegers. General Aspiroz, who also advanced to the gates of Madrid, and actually established his headquarters at Casa del Campo, a summer residence of the Queen, and only a mile and a half from the capital, on learning that General Enna, the



CATALANS.

terists pretend that the force of Narváez, as given by the French organs, is greatly exaggerated, and that all the strength of the insurgents capable of being brought into the field does not exceed 18,000 men. The following despatch from General Seoane to the Minister of War would lead us to believe there is some truth in it:—

"Most excellent Sir,—General Zurbarán has just arrived, with his troops very much fatigued, from forced marches. At 2 A.M. I leave for Calatayud, and shall pass the night at Almunia. I have just learned that General Narváez left Calatayud this evening for Madrid at the head of 4000 or 5000 men. I intend to follow him by forced marches, and I hope soon to come up with him. Should he change his direction I will follow him. I assure your Excellency that he shall not remain twelve hours before Madrid without being attacked in his rear, and destroyed."

"General SEOANE.  
"Saragossa, July 11, nine P.M."

But what has become of Espartero and Van Halen? The telegraphic despatches can inform us of all that is passing in Andalusia—of the desertion of the cavalry sent from Cadiz to Van Halen—that the Cortes frigate, the two steam-boats Soberano and Isabella II., and several trincaderos stationed in the Cadiz roads had declared for the insurgents; but it can give no information of the movements of Espartero! This is truly surprising, and would lead us to believe that the Regent is in a better position than it was generally imagined. This much I can state most positively, that all the French news comes from the insurgents—place, therefore, the greater part in quarantine. In my next, I am in hopes of being able to forward something



VIEW OF VALENCIA.

decisive; but Spanish warfare is so different from that of any other country that no calculations can with justice be made.

A letter from Perpignan of the 18th says, that "M. Tovar, formerly Spanish consul at Perpignan, and who was dismissed last year for having signed the passport of the insurgent Prim, had been reinstated by the Provisional Government, and had returned to Perpignan. We have, therefore, two Spanish consuls in our town, both tolerated by the French Government. I may say that M. Tovar is protected by our Government; for although the insurgent Junta of La Junquera has declared it will only acknowledge the visa of M. Tovar, that gentleman is in daily conference with the prefect; and I am informed he will be permitted to give passports."

Another letter, dated the 21st, gives as certain that such is the state of affairs in Catalonia, that 4000 Spaniards, flying from that country and the paternal protection of the insurgents, are now on the French frontiers, and that orders have been forwarded from Paris to receive them.

Christina's political advisers are actively engaged in receiving and expediting couriers. Zea Bermudez is daily closeted with her. Martinez de la Rosa passed through Bordeaux on the 19th, on his route for the Spanish frontiers, and Toreno has quitted Germany for Paris.

The *Journal des Débats* has the following paragraph:—"Monday being the fête of Maria Christina, there was a reception at the Hotel Coquilley. All the Spaniards of distinction now in Paris presented their homage to the Queen Mother. At this meeting, naturally the present position of Spain was the general subject of conversation. Her Majesty conversed and replied with a reserve and most perfect tact, expressing her most ardent wishes to see at last peace and unity appear amongst all the subjects of her august daughter, and happiness restored to a country over which she presided more than seven years. Marshal Soult and the Minister for Foreign Affairs were admitted into the presence of Queen Christina at half-past three o'clock. The King, Queen, Madame Adelaide, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, and the Duke d'Aumale arrived at the hotel at four o'clock, to offer their felicitations to the Queen Mother."

The perfect tact and reserve of Christina is highly to be commended. Her desire for peace and unity is, no doubt, sincere, particularly when coupled with the declaration of her chief partisan, Narváez, "that it was he who provoked the blood he was determined to shed on getting forcible possession of Madrid."

Every province and class of Spain has its peculiarities, and so widely different from each other, that they almost appear to be inhabitants of two opposite hemispheres. Hence it has been well observed, that "there exists as much difference between an inhabitant of Andalusia and one of Castile or Catalonia, as between an Englishman and a Russian."

The first of our sketches represents the Andalusian peasant guerilla, with his high-peaked hat, gay jacket, flowered vest, flowing sash, and leathern cartridge pouch, loose trousers, and embroidered leggings, whilst over the left shoulder is thrown the cloak.

Next is a group of Catalan muleteras: here we have 'the eternal cigarette and guitar, the characteristics of southern Spanish life. The female is a neat specimen of the peasantry, in her festa costume.

Next are two military groups: first, two privates of the Girona regiment; and a captain, alfarache or lieutenant, and troops of the line.

The view in the centre of the page represents the principal gate and ramparts of Valencia, taken from the glacis, with the characteristic bullock-cart in the foreground.



GERONA REGIMENT.



TROOPS OF THE LINE.



ASSAAD Y KAYAT.

The above is a portrait of that truly philanthropic Syrian, Assaad Y. Kayat, who, under the auspices of the Church of England Society for Promoting Christian Education in Syria, has lately delivered gratuitous lectures in London, in the English language, with the object of promoting this laudable design.

Assaad first visited this country in 1835, in the suite of the two Persian princes, who, at that time, attracted much attention; and he did so at the recommendation of Mr. Farren, then British Consul-General in Syria, and who, being struck with the extraordinary religious enthusiasm evinced by this young man, as regarded the present condition of the Syrian Christians—who approach the number of any others (and indeed with scarcely any difference,) to the English Protestant Church—was thus instrumental in affording him the opportunity of bringing the subject before the British public.

His views are warmly supported by the Bishop of London, the Earl of Chichester, Lord F. Egerton, Lord Bexley, and many other eminent persons, who are vice-presidents of the society. For the present state of Syria, it is considered that the best plan for ameliorating the condition of the Syrian Christian Church, is by affording education to its youth; and schools have already been established at Beyrout, where 600 pupils are educated, while eight young Syrians are now receiving education in or near London.



PORTRAIT OF ASSAAD Y KAYAT.

It is very remarkable that a remnant of the primitive Christian Church, as established by the Apostles, has continued to exist to the present day in Syria, as also that its chief cities, such as Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Damascus, Antioch, &c., remain under the exact names by which they were known in the time of our Saviour, notwithstanding the repeated attempts which have been made to extirpate the religion and to change the names of the cities. This fact is unparalleled in the history of any other nation or community whatever.

The whole subject cannot fail of being especially interesting to all thinking Christians, at a time too when this country has recently sent a Protestant bishop to Jerusalem, under whose superintendence a Protestant Church is now erecting in that city.



TAMBURINI (AFTER DANTAN).

There must be something innately belligerent in this accomplished artist, for go where he will he has a quarrel, or something very like it, with his *entrepreneur*. He has just had a *mesintelligence* with the manager of the Marseilles theatre, and relinquished his engagement. Dantan, the Gallic Cruickshanks, seems to have been quite aware of this propensity of the inward man when he made the above draught of the vocal drummer.

**THE YACHT EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON.**—A passenger by the Havre steamer reports having fallen in with one of the divisions of this squadron, consisting of seven sail cutters, which happened to be manœuvring when they were passed. When first seen the division was closehauled on the starboard tack. A signal was flying. The headmost yacht put about, her second astern continued her course for some little distance, then tacked, and the third yacht, followed in succession by all the remainder, did the same, so that the division next appeared on the larboard tack in bow and quarter line. The leading yacht soon made another signal, and all the yachts kept away a little, edging down, till they got into the wake of the leader, thus again, as at first, forming in line ahead, closehauled. In ten minutes, or thereabouts, more bunting was aloft, and the whole division tacked and retacked together, commencing the two motions of this manœuvre at the very moment when a gun was discharged by the headmost vessel. The sternmost yacht (which mounted four brass swivels) next hove to; making sail again when the division had passed on ahead to perhaps four cables' length, when the next sternmost yacht did the same, and so also the others throughout the line, from rear to van, which brought the whole into open order. A long communication then took place by telegraph, and, when last seen, the yachts, which had shown no ensigns, were standing towards the French coast, formed in two columns in line ahead.



TEETOTAL FESTIVAL AT ROCHE ABBEY.

This interesting fête was held on Tuesday the 18th instant, in the grounds of Roche Abbey, by permission of the noble owner, the Earl of Scarborough; when the picturesque scene represented in the engraving was sketched by a correspondent. The meeting was addressed by several able speakers from a platform erected at the east end of the Abbey, where was displayed a banner bearing a painting of Father Mathew addressing the Irish people. The festival was attended by several persons in carriages, which were gaily decked with

flags and garlands of flowers; whilst three bands of music from neighbouring towns played several beautiful airs. In the afternoon a somewhat ludicrous incident occurred to one of the retailers of Sir John Barleycorn, who had brought for sale a cartload of strong drink (contrary to the injunction of the teetotallers); and, while he was preparing to wait on his customers, the horse suddenly took fright, and upset the cart, and all the drink into the river, which proved a source of much merriment to the teetotallers.

CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Arago made a communication of the steps that have been taken towards the great work of the cutting through the Isthmus of Panamá, which has

been so long talked of, but which many persons have regarded as chimerical. According to this communication, a contract has been entered into by Messrs. Baring and Co., of London, with the Republic of New Grenada, in virtue of which the republic is to cede to them



the line required for the projected canal, with 80,000 acres of land on the two banks, and 400,000 acres in the interior of the country. Messrs. Baring and Co. had, it is said, in the first instance, fixed the amount of toll for the navigation of the canal at the exorbitant price of 18*l.* per ton, but they have reduced it to 8*l.* The work, upon

which from 4000 to 5000 men are to be employed, will be completed in five years.

The Isthmus of Panamá, the reader will recollect, constitutes the most eastern and the narrowest portion of the long isthmus or neck of land by which the two Americas are united. Its geographical



VIEW OF PANAMA.



position will, however, be best illustrated by the annexed chart. When measured along its curve, the length from east to west is nearly 500 miles, but its width varies from 30 to 100 miles. It may cover a surface of about 30,000 square miles, or considerably more than the extent of Ireland. It contains several considerable towns, the capital of the isthmus being the city of Panamá, beautifully situated upon the shores of the Pacific. It was formerly a place of some note: but, shortly after the visit of Ulloa, about a century ago, it may be said to have reached its zenith. The remains of the buildings evince wealth; but they are now fast falling into decay. The port is seldom visited by vessels of any size, and the fortifications, which originally were admirably constructed, are rapidly following the fate of the houses. The population is chiefly a mixed race: few Spaniards are to be found. One Englishman and the American consular agent comprised all the society met here by Sir Edward Belcher during his visit in 1836; but, Sir Edward prophetically adds, "this, doubtless, will change the instant the steam navigation is in force. Inns and lodging-houses must then arise for the accommodation of those pursuing this route. There is every facility for erecting a substantial pier, and improving the inner anchorage, which must follow the arrival of the steamers, unless they still submit to the miserable landing at the seaport-gate, which is as filthy as it is inconvenient. Panamá affords the usual supplies which are to be obtained in these tropical regions, and at moderate prices; but vessels wishing to procure water, bullocks, &c., can obtain them more readily at the island of Taboga." We should here acknowledge our obligation to Sir Edward Belcher's important narrative of his voyage for the originals of the annexed illustrations.

Panamá stands on a tongue of land shaped nearly like a spear-head, extending a considerable distance out to sea, and gradually swelling towards the middle. The principal streets extend across the peninsula from sea to sea. The houses are of stone, and the larger ones have courts. The public edifices are, a cathedral, four convents, a nonnery, and a college. In 1827 the town had nearly 11,000 inhabitants, and it carried on a considerable trade with several ports of South America, especially with Guayaquil.

## ENGLAND AND FRANCE;

OR

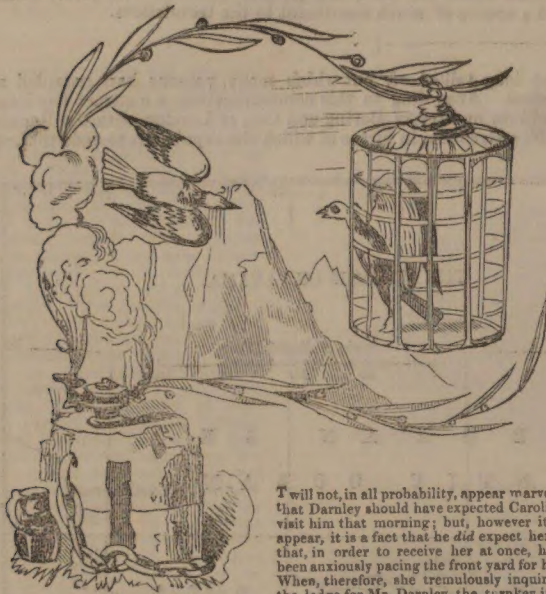
THE SISTERS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By HENRY COCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX," "STANLEY THORN," ETC.

HAPTER XVIII.



It will not, in all probability, appear marvellous that Darnley should have expected Caroline to visit him that morning; but, however it may appear, it is a fact that he did expect her, and that, in order to receive her at once, he had been anxiously pacing the front yard for hours. When, therefore, she tremulously inquired at the lodge for Mr. Darnley, the turnkey immediately pointed him out, and before she had

time to descend the steps Darnley approached her.

"My dear Lady Cleveland," he exclaimed, with an expression of mingled amazement and shame, "what could have induced you to visit me here?"

"Your note. But can we not retire? Those persons are watching us."

"Highly as I appreciate your goodness," said Darnley, with his eyes filled with tears which he had always at command, "I wish that you had spared me this humiliating pang."

"Come, come," said Caroline, "all will be well; I have scarcely a moment to stay, but for heaven's sake lead me from this crowd."

Darnley then placed her arm in his, and proceeded to a room which was neatly though scantily furnished, and having led her to a chair near the window, which overlooked the racquet ground, seated himself opposite and sighed.

"Mr. Darnley," said Caroline, "I feel—say, I know I have done very wrong in coming here; but my object is to ascertain why I may not mention this affair to Sir Arthur."

"I would not have him know it for the world!" replied Darnley.

"Why not? I am sure there is no man on earth whom he would feel greater pleasure in serving! Why should he not know?"

"Because I should then be forever deprived, Lady Cleveland, of your sweet society."

"Mr. Darnley," said Caroline, somewhat confused, "let us speak to the point."

"That is the point," replied Darnley; "you know the amiability of your own sex; but you do not, cannot know the unamiability of mine. You have no conception of the change which is produced in the mind of a man by the knowledge of anything like pecuniary assistance being required by a friend. It is an instantaneous, an involuntary change. Even in the mind of a benevolent man, friendship in such a case turns to pity, and pity soon resolves itself into contempt."

"If you imagine, Mr. Darnley, that any such feelings would result from Sir Arthur's knowledge of your position, you do not know him. He would feel proud to render you whatever assistance you might require. Be sure of it."

"I am sure, perfectly sure, that if he knew my position, he would aid me; but as I am not sure that his esteem for me would outlive such aid, I would not place in peril that happiness, of which his friendship is the source, for the world."

"Mr. Darnley, be assured that his friendship for you would be firmer than ever."

"I cannot feel assured, Lady Cleveland, of that. I am so apprehensive of losing his esteem, that I had infinitely rather run home than consent to his knowing where I am! Besides, there is no necessity for running so great a risk. The sum is not enormous!—it is but three hundred pounds!—and I have not the slightest doubt that I shall be able in a short time to raise it!"

"But of that you are not sure; and until it is raised you must remain in this horrid place. Now let me prevail upon you to allow me to name it? To him the sum is nothing! He would send a cheque for it with pleasure! and would feel annoyed only in consequence of your not having sent it to him before. Let me therefore speak to him at once."

"Do not urge me, Lady Cleveland; pray do not urge me to consent. I am sorry, very sorry, that in a moment of weakness I was tempted to let you know of my being here. I should not have done it—wherever I should not have done it—but that I felt apprehensive that you might, perhaps—"

"Darnley!" exclaimed Caroline, with an energy which amazed while it delighted him, "you must not, shall not, remain in this place!"

"Darnley!" he echoed, apparently much affected, "you call me 'Darnley.' The day on which I dare call you 'Caroline' will be one of happiness indeed."

Caroline blushed. The consciousness of having disclosed that which she had been anxious to conceal, embarrassed her painfully. Recovering herself, however, almost on the instant, she observed, "All I meant, Mr. Darnley, was this, that neither you nor any other friend shall remain in a place like this, while I have the power to prevent it."

"I beg of you, my dear Lady Cleveland, to think nothing of it. I do not intend to remain. In one week I shall be a free man."

"Why not be free at once? I am not quite sure that I ought not, even without your consent, to name the subject to Sir Arthur!"

"My dear Lady Cleveland, I entreat—but you will not. I would trust you with my life—nay, I have already trusted you with that which is dearer to me than life—and therefore I cannot be apprehensive of this secret being revealed. You will not disclose it!"

"Mr. Darnley, I will not. But something must be done."

"And something will be done," thought Darnley, "without much delay."

"However," continued Caroline, rising, "I must leave you now; but you shall either directly or indirectly hear from me soon."

"I know not how to thank you for this kind visit; I know not how to express to you the gratitude I feel, but that I do feel grateful I beg of you to believe. And now I must say farewell! but I have still one favour to ask—a favour which, if granted, will make me happy."

"What is it?"

"It is," replied Darnley, bending his knee gracefully and kissing her hand, "that you will not feel offended at this."

"I scarcely know," said Caroline, "whether I am offended or not. I must take time to consider."

Darnley then accompanied her to the lodge, and after playfully apologising for his manifest want of gallantry in not even attempting to see her to the carriage, he bled her, and ferreted her adieu.

Apprehensive that her servants might think her prolonged absence somewhat strange, Caroline entered the market, and having hastily purchased two immense bouquets, directed the man to follow her with them to the carriage. She felt that these would sufficiently account for her absence, and congratulated herself upon her tact in this particular; and when she had given the word "home," the carriage turned, and in the usual style dashed up Fleet-street.

Sir Arthur—who was still at the window, although his patience had been for a long time exhausted—no sooner saw the carriage dash past, than he left the hotel and hastened to the Fleet.

He had been there before, and therefore knew how to enter; but as he passed through the lodge the first person upon whom his eyes rested was Darnley, conversing with one of the turnkeys.

"Oh!" groaned Sir Arthur in a state of intense agitation, "it is as I expected: you are here. How long has Lady Cleveland left you?"

"Sir Arthur," said Darnley, who could not for the moment collect those faculties which his friend's unexpected appearance had scattered—"will you do me the favour to step this way?"

"No, sir! I wish to hold no conversation with you at all. Answer my question and I have done with you. How long has Lady Cleveland been gone?"

"Really, Sir Arthur, this excitement is totally unbecoming! Do me the favour to walk into the yard and I'll explain."

"I wish for no explanation," cried Sir Arthur while descending the steps; "you would deny"—he continued, carried away by his passion—"I know you would if you could—you would deny that she has been here at all! But no, sir!—that will not do—I am not to be deceived, sir!—I know that she has!—deny it, sir!—deny it, if you can!"

"I have really no wish to deny it! Why should I deny it? She has been here, and with the purest and most benevolent motives that ever actuated woman."

"Indeed," cried Sir Arthur, with a sneer, of which the expression seemed to shake his whole frame—"Indeed,—you are a villain!—a treacherous villain. I could strangle you!"

"Crush you!—trample upon you!—shoot you like a dog!" Here his voice became so loud, and his gestures so violent, that the prisoners crowded round, and appeared to enjoy the scene highly. One of them, while Sir Arthur was explaining what he could do, lifted his hat up behind and let the front part fall over his eyes; but Darnley no sooner saw this feat performed, than he flew at the fellow and struck him to the ground. "He may insult me, and I may bear it," he exclaimed, "but I'll not allow him to be insulted.—Sir Arthur," he added, "I am not the villain you suppose. You either deceive yourself, or have been deceived."

"I have been deceived," said Sir Arthur, returning to the gate, "I have been deceived—I have!"

"But hear me explain!"

"I'll have no explanation. It is already too clear—too clear." And as the turnkey opened the gate at this moment, he passed out in tears, leaving Darnley so enraged at not having been allowed to explain, that he instantly returned to the unhappy person who had touched Sir Arthur's hat, and indicted upon him a chastisement so severe, that in less than three minutes his every feature was buried in one chaotic mass of pulpy bruises.

Having quitted the prison, Sir Arthur, being then in a state of mind bordering upon madness, knew not what course to pursue. That Caroline was false he now no longer doubted. He felt sure of it!—perfectly sure! But then, how was he to act? Should he return to his wretched home, and indignantly cast her off as once; or should he return no more? To whom could he apply for advice in this dreadful emergency?—whom could he consult?

"Charles!" Charles! he exclaimed in tones of agony, "what would I not give, my poor boy, to have you here!"

Being utterly irresolute and nearly exhausted, he returned to the hotel with the view of deciding upon something; but here his mind continued to be so distracted that he was unable to bring it to bear upon any one point. He sat absorbed in a horrible dream: his wandering imagination teemed with a thousand fancies; he felt, in fact, utterly lost. Affection, felicity, peace of mind, everything he valued upon earth seemed to have vanished, and therefore, having in his view nothing to live for, he felt it would be happiness to die. He had often marvelled how the mind of a man could become so morbid as to cause him to prefer death to life; he had often looked upon those who contemplated suicide, when not under the influence of absolute madness, with contempt; he had often regarded the entertainment of despair as a proof of the most despicable weakness, wondering that men should groan beneath the weight of calamities instead of bearing boldly up against them. But these things appeared no longer marvellous to him then; he could then understand well how a man's mind might be destroyed, how his spirits might sink, how his energies, both moral and physical, might be paralysed, and how despair might rise upon the ruins of hope: all having, as he conceived, been in his own case proved.

Rousing himself at length, however, from this wretched reverie, he resolved to return home, and demand an explanation, but more with the view of making known his conviction, than with the hope, however pleasing the process might be, of having that conviction removed.

It was then past the hour at which they usually dined, and Caroline had been wondering what had detained him. She, of course, had no idea of having been watched; that never occurred to her for a moment; she was therefore anxious for him to return, and the more so, because she intended to be particularly affectionate, as a means of obtaining with facility the sum required to set Darnley free. This she had determined to effect on the morrow, and was engaged in making certain calculations touching the bills which might remain unpaid for a time when Sir Arthur returned.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, as he entered the room, "where on earth have you been?"

"Where have I been?" cried Sir Arthur, regarding her fiercely for a moment, "where have you been, madam?"

"Madam!" echoed Caroline, who became on the instant pale as death; "Why do you call me madam?"

"Where have you been?"

"Where have I been?"

"Ay, where? I insist upon knowing!"

"You do! I insist upon being addressed as your wife, sir, and not as madam!"

"I again demand to know where you have been!" cried Sir Arthur, whose agitation now every moment increased.

"And again," returned Caroline proudly, "I demand to know why you call me madam?"

"Whom—whom have you been this morning to visit?"

"When, sir, you have satisfied me, you shall be satisfied, but not until then."

"I am resolved to know, madam!"

"Indeed, Sir Arthur Cleveland," she added, with a haughty expression, if you believe that I will endure these indignities, if you believe that I will submit to be thus insolently schooled, you will find that belief to be baseless. Why do you treat me thus?"

"Ask your own heart!"

"I ask you! Why am I thus treated? What is it you mean? Why do you not explain like a man?"

"Why do you refuse to explain?"

"I will not explain until I know your motive. What is that motive?"

"Oh! Caroline! Caroline!" exclaimed Sir Arthur, in a voice indicative of strong emotion.

"Call me not Caroline, Sir Arthur Cleveland!—do not presume to call me Caroline until your base conduct has been explained. What is the meaning of this?"

"Lady Cleveland, are you not a false woman?"

"No! But you are an odious old man! Often have I been told that you were jealous—often—but I never believed it till now. It is now clear, abundantly clear! I will not, however, stay here to be insulted."

"You do not quit this room, Lady Cleveland," cried Sir Arthur, as she prepared with an air of offended dignity to leave him—"you do not stir!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Caroline, turning upon him, while her lip curled contemptuously, and her eyes flashed with fiery indignation, "I do not stir! Beware, I dine, Sir Arthur Cleveland," she added, as she calmly returned and rang the bell. "I dine. You remain and feed your foul imagination: when that is glutted, you may perhaps be restored to reason. Is the dinner on the table?" she inquired of the servant as he entered.

"It is now being brought up, my lady."

"Very well. Sir Arthur does not dine to-day. Bring my gloves."

Having pointed to the gloves which she had placed upon the table, she left the room, followed by the servant; when Sir Arthur, amazed at the firmness she had displayed, sank upon the sofa and wept.

How could he explain why he asked where she had been? He could not confess himself guilty of so mean an act as that of having watched her! And yet why, being convinced of her guilt, should he not? Was he not justified both as a husband and as a man? Again he hesitated, again he vowed his own act as one of meanness, and could not bear the thought of being despised.

At length, rage and grief having alternately reigned, he determined on stating that he knew where she had been, without explaining to her how; and while he was engaged in forming this determination, Caroline was studiously deciding on the course which ought, under the circumstances, to be pursued by her.

It was, in her judgment, perfectly evident that, if he did not absolutely know whom she had visited, he strongly suspected, not only that she had seen Darnley, but that her object in seeing him had been infamous. Still, conceiving it to be possible that his jealous thoughts had taken some other direction, and having promised Darnley that his position should not be made known to Sir Arthur by her, she resolved on ascertaining the fact beyond doubt before she offered the slightest explanation.

Having, therefore, gone through the mere ceremony of dining—and a mere ceremony it was—she returned to the drawing-room in which she had left Sir Arthur, and without deigning even to look at him, seated herself proudly at the table, and took up a book.

For a few moments neither spoke a word: each waited for the other to begin; but at length Sir Arthur said, in tones of anger, "Lady Cleveland, I ask you again whom you have this morning visited?"

"And I tell you again, Sir Arthur Cleveland, that, until I know your motive in asking, I will not explain."

"Madam, madam! I am at least glad to find that you are ashamed to tell me."

"Sir, if you do not wish me to hate you, you will tell me at once what you mean. Are you ashamed, Sir Arthur Cleveland, to tell me that?"

"Your hatred, madam, is now of slight importance to me."

"Indeed. It may appear to be so; but let me advise you, sir, not to provoke it. Heaven knows, a man who is jealous of a virtuous wife is at all times sufficiently contemptible; but when he is always on the watch, more with the hope of proving his wife's dishonour than of being convinced of her virtue, he is despicable indeed."

"I have not, madam, been always on the watch."

"You have, sir!—for months you have been laying your traps; and I despise you for it. I was told of your miserable jealousy long ago."

"By whom, madam? Name one person?"

"I will name my aunt Grange perceived it. She told me of it; and hence, believing it to be false, I have hated her ever since. But my eyes are open now; I now perceive that I am allied to a jealous husband, the greatest curse with which a virtuous woman can be afflicted."

"But you are not my aunt Grange's husband, and she is not your wife."

"I am not your aunt Grange's husband, and she is not your wife."

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"If I am jealous, madam, have you not given me cause to be so?"

"What cause have I given? Tell me that!"

"Darnley," replied Sir Arthur, with a bitter sneer, "has been absent some time. His visits here have been discontinued. The cry has been 'What has become of Darnley?' No one knew where Darnley was; but Lady Cleveland!—she knew all along where to find her friend Darnley."

"It is false, sir. I did not know all along where to find him."

"Have you not been to him this very day? I know that you have, therefore do not deny it."

"Deny it! Why should I deny it? I have been to see him—what then?"

"Shameless woman!" exclaimed Sir Arthur, fiercely.

"Shameless! Why shameless?"

"Shameless to confess to me your guilt, without a blush."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Caroline, darting a look of fury at him. "Odious old man! were it not that my own reputation is at stake I would torture you! I would suffer your infamous thoughts to engender others still more vile, and, by giving free scope to your diseased imagination, keep you for ever on the rack!"

"This haughty bearing, madam, will avail you nothing. Your guilt is manifest. I have seen the villain since! But instead of wasting words on so wicked a woman, I will go to your father at once."

"Do so, Sir Arthur Cleveland, at your peril. Mention a syllable on the subject to any living soul, and that instant I leave you for ever. My honour is unsullied: I can prove it to be so; and until I do prove it, sir, speak if you dare."







## WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.

**EXHIBITION.**—Sir GEORGE HAYTER'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, painted on 170 square feet of canvas, and containing Portraits of all the Members, a Portrait of the Queen, and various other historical pictures, in which are more than eight hundred portraits of eminent men of the present day, is OPEN for exhibition, from Ten o'clock till dusk every day, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s. each person.

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containing the camp bed on which he died in exile, the property of Prince Lucien, for which Madame Tussaud and Sons paid 550; the Cloak of Marengo, the magnificent Coat of the King of Rome; the original Picture of Napoleon, for which he sat to Lefevre; Maria Louisa, by Gerard, his master-piece; the King of Rome, from life; Lucien, by Lethiere; the celebrated Military Carriage, purchased by M. Bulewicz, with the authority of Government, from the Prince Regent, for 2500; the Table of the Marshals, valued at 12,000; the Clothes he wore as an exile—being altogether a matchless exhibition.—Madame Tussaud and Sons, Bazaar, Baker-street, Portman-square.—Admission, one large room, 1s.; two rooms of Napoleon and Chamber of Horrors, 6d.

## THREE DAYS' HOLIDAY FOR THE MILLION.

**MR. NICHOLSON**, the Lord Chief Baron of the celebrated Judge and Jury Society, of the Garrick's Head, Row-street, Covent-garden, will offer to the Public a **THREE DAYS' FETE at CREMORNE HOUSE, CHELSEA**, a character and scale of magnificence never before witnessed in this country, MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, JULY 31st, and AUGUST 1st and 2nd. The attractions are so numerous, that to attempt to describe them would be superfluous. The amusements will be under the entire superintendence of Mr. Serle, Mr. Halford, and Mr. T. Matthews, the celebrated clown of the Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Drury Lane. It is, however, essential to mention that Mr. Alexander Burke's celebrated pony "Bobby" will perform his wonderful feat, viz., trotting seven miles and a half in thirty minutes, ridden by a monkey attired in jockey boots and spurs.

On the second day, viz., the 1st of August, Mr. Charles Green, the celebrated aeronaut, will ascend from the grounds in his majestic balloon, taking up with him and liberating in the sight of the company, a model of an aerial transit ship. This experiment is one of the deepest interest, involving as it does a proposition of scientific enterprise. During the day the pastimes and entertainments will not be allowed to stand still. In the evening the gardens and pleasure grounds will be brilliantly illuminated for the concert and ball. The entire arrangement will be Arcadian, embodying a fairy scene of delight and splendour hitherto unmatched. Refreshments of the first quality and of every description at the most moderate charges. Let those who seek a day of pleasure at a trifling cost repair to Cremorne House. Admission Shilling, children half price. Cremorne House can be reached from any part of London by Omnibus, sixpence; Steam-boat, fourpence.

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DAVID FOGGO, Secretary.

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Volume of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now ready, price 18s., and a prepared Cover, price 3s. Subscribers already supplied with the Paper may have them neatly bound in the prepared Cover; for which purpose the numbers may be sent free through the Post, in one parcel which must be open at the ends, but which otherwise should be carefully covered in its full width. All the numbers hitherto published, or any of them, can be supplied, and may be sent by Post Apply to W. DAYSON and SON, London and Country Newspaper and Advertising Office, 74, Cannon-street, City, London. Established 1809.

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Paternoster-row, July, 1843.

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